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"Following an Indian foot-path, through the forest, you come out at a wide plot of ground, where are some dozen wigwams, clustered on the sunny side of a hill." p. 18.

HISTORY

OF THE

TOWN OF ESSEX,

FROM 1634 TO 1700.

BY

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PREFACE.

In the following work, the reader, it is presumed, will readily distinguish between the facts of history, and the drapery, in which some of them occasionally appear. Man is no less a reality, for the dress he may be supposed to have worn, according to the fashion of his day. Nor is it difficult to distinguish between the man, and his apparel.

If this be borne in mind, the nature of this little work, as, in part, a history of the town, will not be diminished by the few fancy sketches given of domestic, nautical, and military life; which, however, are still designed to be true to nature, and in accordance with the history of the times.

For a number of the facts in this history, drawn from ancient records, the author is indebted to the Rev. J. B. Felt's History of Ipswich; a work which cannot be too highly valued as a book of reference on all the important transactions and events connected with this town. This general acknowledgment, the author trusts, will be deemed sufficient, without a more particular reference to that work.

HISTORY OF ESSEX.

The first settlement of this town commenced in 1634. Plymouth began to be settled in 1620. Salem, 1627. Boston, 1630, and Ipswich, 1633.

Our ancestors originally came from different parts of England. The reasons assigned for leaving their own country, and settling in a wilderness, were, "That the ancient faith and true worship might be found inseparable companions in their practice, and that their posterity might be undefiled in religion."*

Soon after the commencement of the Reformation in England, 1534, the Protestants were divided into two parties: the one adhering to Luther, the other to Calvin. The former chose to secede from the church of Rome in a very gradual manner, while the latter were desirous of affecting an entire reformation at once. They contended earnestly for the "scripture purity," in worship, as well as in doctrine. This, together with their gravity of deportment and

* Morse and Parish's Hist. of N. E.

pious conversation, obtained for them the name of Puritans.

The Lutheran party, however, prevailed, and their sentiments were made the basis of the Established, or National Church. With this church the Puritans continued in fellowship many years, although they constantly lamented its popish forms, and sighed for a thorough reformation.

At length, in 1602, a number of them formally separated from the Established Church, and set up for themselves a more pure form of worship. The consequence was, a violent and cruel persecution of them by the bishops and authorities of the land. Not suffered to live in peace where they were, nor permitted to depart, they endured many hardships and trials.

But in 1607, a considerable number of them succeeded in leaving their country, and removed, some to Amsterdam, and some to Leyden, in Holland. Grieved with the corrupt examples around them, and fearing lest their children should be contaminated therewith, they resolved on a removal to the desolate regions of North America.

Accordingly, in 1620, August 5th, they embarked at Delft-Haven, near Leyden, and, in November following, arrived on the bleak and

barren shores of Cape Cod. Here they anchored for a short time only, and in the following month removed to a place which they called Plymouth.

The persecution still continuing in England, and, in addition to the former corruptions of the Church, a "Book of Sports on the Holy Sabbath of God" being required to be read by the ministers of their respective assemblies, great numbers of others, eminent for their piety, talents, and learning, embarked for this country.

In 1627, Capt. John Endicott, with about one hundred persons, arrived at Naumkeag, afterwards Salem. In June, of the following year, they were joined by two hundred more, under the ministry of the Rev. Messrs. Higginson, Skelton, and Bright. A part of these soon after removed, and began the settlement of Charlestown.

In the summer of 1630, about fifteen hundred persons, with Governor Winthrop at their head, arrived at Salem; whence they proceeded to Charlestown, and soon settled Boston, Watertown, and Roxbury.

"In March, 1633, J. Winthrop, a son of the Governor, with twelve men, began a plantation at Agawam; which afterwards was called Ipswich. The next year, a church was gathered,

being the ninth in the colony. In April, the people being destitute of a minister, *the Governor travelled on foot from Boston to Ipswich*, spent the Sabbath with them, and exercised by way of prophecy"* or exhortation.

In 1634, the Rev. Nathaniel Ward came over from England, and became their first minister. The same year William White and Goodman Bradstreet removed toward Chebacco river, where lands were granted them by the town. Thus commenced the first settlement of this town in 1634. History gives us no account of these two families. The name of William White is first met with in 1635, in the transactions of Ipswich, as one of its inhabitants. So also are several of the name of Bradstreet: but which of them settled in this part of Ipswich, is uncertain. The land, which these first two settlers occupied, lay in what is now the north part of Essex.

The next year, October, 1635, Mr. John Cogswell had three hundred acres granted him by the town, "in the farther part of Chebacco." This grant was bounded on the west by what is now the main road from Ipswich to Gloucester, and the brook which runs on the east side of

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* Hist. of New England.

the old burying ground, and the creek running to the river; on the south by the river; on the east by the water, and on the north by the brook which runs on the north side of the farm now owned by Col. John P. Choate.

Mr. Cogswell, before his emigration, was a prosperous merchant in London. He sailed for this country from Bristol, England, May 23, 1635, in the ship Angel Gabriel. On his passage he was wrecked in a violent storm on the coast of Maine, in Pemaquid Bay. By this catastrophe, he lost a part of his property; but escaped safely to land with his family, where they lived for a short time in a tent. Leaving his family in the tent, he took passage for Boston, where he procured a vessel denominated a barque, commanded by Captain Gallop, and returned to Pemaquid Bay for his family and goods. He arrived at Ipswich in August, and removed to this place in the following October. His furniture, and other goods, were more than could be stored at one time in the vessel, from Pemaquid to Ipswich. From an inventory taken at his decease, it appears that his furniture, brought from England, consisted of beds, suits of curtains, table-linen, damasks, Turkey carpets, silver plate, &c. His wife's name was Elizabeth. Their children were born in London;

one was buried there, and the remaining seven William, John, Edward, Mary, Hannah, Abigail, and Sarah, they brought with them to this place. He had the title of Mr., and his wife Mrs., which were given only to persons of some distinction.

Their daughter Mary, married Godfrey Armitage. Hannah, Charles Waldo, and removed to Chelmsford. Abigail, Thomas Clark ; and Sarah, Simon Tuthill.

Their first house, which was of necessity built of logs, stood, as tradition says, about thirty rods south-east of the house now occupied by Col. J. P. Choate.

Other settlers arrived, no doubt, soon after this. But we have no record even of their names, as residents of this part of Ipswich. Mr. Felt, in his History of Ipswich, in general, gives a valuable table of the names of the early settlers, with the year in which these names are first met with in the town records; but which, of course, does not specify in what part of the town they lived. Among the names which are known to have been long prevalent in this place, are the following: 1634, John Perkins. 1635, Robert Andrews, Wm. Goodhue, George Giddings. 1638, John Burnham. 1639, Andrew Story. 1643, Thomas Low, 1648, John Choate. The presumption is, that these were among the

early settlers of this southern section of Ipswich, called by the Indians, Chebacco.

Owing to the difficulty of making bridges in those early days, the roads were very circuitous, avoiding, as much as possible, the crossing of brooks and creeks. The road from Ipswich through this place to Gloucester, came by the house now occupied by Darius Cogswell, at the head of Choate's brook, entered the present Ipswich road, and proceeded as far as the lane, which leads to Col. J. P. Choate's, which it entered, and passed on to the river by the house of Adam Boyd; crossed the river by ferry, proceeded in a southerly direction over the hills, to the head of Clark's Creek, thence by the present dwelling of Elias Andrews, thence to Gloucester West Parish, along by the site of the first meeting house to a ferry, which crossed to the up—in town parish, then the first parish in Gloucester.*

University of

Visit to the First Settlers.

Leaving for awhile this dry, but necessary detail of facts, yet still keeping close to the lines of truth, let me invite you to go back two hundred years, and survey the place as it then

* For evidence that the first road to Gloucester went by this dwelling of Elias Andrews, see John Burnham's deed, near the close of this volume.

was, and look in upon the settlers, and see how they managed in doors and out. The first house which you visit, is that of Mr. Cogswell. Viewing the building as you approach it, you perceive it is built wholly of logs, in a square form, much as children build a house of cobs; the under and upper sides of the logs being roughly hewn, that they may lie somewhat contiguous, and not admit too many of the rays of the sun, or too much of the keen air of winter, the ends are notched to fasten them together, and the roof covered with thatch. The whole building, as it presents itself to your view, appears to be from twenty to thirty feet square. You knock at the door, and it is opened by Mrs. C., who gives you a frank and hearty reception. You are somewhat surprised to see in your maternal ancestor, not a Yankee, but an English face,—round, staid, and easy, and not like her posterity, sharp, busy, and careworn. Her manners are English of the best stamp, for she has moved in good society at home, though not among the nobility. Her dress is neat and handsome; of the fashion of the times, though to your view exceedingly antiquated. Her whole appearance, and the appearance of the furniture, contrasts somewhat strangely with the rude appearance of the rough logs; of which the floor,

as well as the walls of the house, are built. You look up and see the naked poles of the roof, and the thatch which lies upon them. At the end of the building, opposite the door, is the fire place, constructed of rough stones, the smoothest and best that could be found in their natural state. In front of a huge back-log, eight or ten feet in length, is a bright and glowing fire, sending forth tremendous heat from sticks proportioned in size and length to the log behind. You plant your chair midway between the fire and the door, and can hardly tell by which you are most annoyed, the rushing of the winds through the crevices of the logs in your rear, or the irresistible heat in front. But by often twisting and turning, you contrive to maintain your position between such opposite and powerful foes. During the conversation with Mrs. C., and her four interesting daughters, all busy with their knitting, you glance occasionally at the objects around you. On one side of the house, you observe some handsome curtains, stretched quite across, which, with one at right angles in the middle, form two bed rooms, one in each corner of that side of the house. The chairs in the sitting-room, or kitchen, are but few, on account of the difficulty of bringing them across the deep. But seats are supplied by the numerous trunks and

boxes, in which they transported their beds, bedding, clothing, table linen, damasks, and carpets. As the floor is too rough for their Turkey-wrought carpets, they remain yet unpacked. But the time for supper draws near, and Mrs. C. and her eldest daughter are busy in preparing the repast. The old English kettle is hung over the fire, with contents for a plentiful supper of bean broth, to which, as you are a visitor, a nice cake of Indian homony is added,—which Mrs. C. contrives to bake by cautiously approaching the glowing fire with her face more than half turned away, to preserve her eyes. Presently the father, with two of his sons, come in from their field labor. Harvesting has commenced, and they are reaping the first fruits of their toil in the wilderness. They have not yet wholly lost the delicate appearance resulting from city life and manners; though the perils of the ocean, and the hardships of the wilderness, have done something to give them a darker hue, and more athletic appearance.

Labor in the open air, in the cool season of autumn, has given them a keen appetite. The table is now set for the social meal, covered with elegant table linen, and spread with basons of pewter, and spoons of silver. The broth is poured into an elegant vase, from which each is sup-

plied by a silver ladle. The family gather around, and stand with reverence while the head of the family craves a blessing from the Author of all their mercies.

Supper being ended, and the table removed, all are seated for the evening; the females near the light of a pine torch, for the purpose of sewing and knitting, and the males around the room at their pleasure.

A neighbor calls in to spend a social hour. We will suppose it to be Goodman Bradstreet. The conversation turns at once on the latest news from their fatherland, where they have left many dear friends, and in the government and prosperity of which, they yet feel a most tender and lively interest. Does king Charles still continue his despotic course, despoiling his subjects of their dearest rights, and provoking them to insurrection and civil war? Is Archbishop Laud as full of bitterness, and persecution towards the Puritans as ever? are questions eagerly asked, and answered affirmatively, in sad tones, from the testimony of those who have recently arrived. From the discussion of English politics, they turn to their own local affairs, and touch upon the apparently peaceable disposition of their savage neighbors, whose wigwams are close at hand; the danger that would arise from their

getting possession of knives and fire-arms, the dangers already existing from the ferocious beasts of the woods near by; the difficulty of preventing cattle and sheep from being devoured by them; the difficulty, too, of cultivating the soil while the stumps are so thick, and there are only two ploughs for the use of the whole town. With joy and gratitude they advert to the goodness of God, in prospering their crops of Indian corn and English grain; preserving their lives and health, amidst so many exposures; and allowing them the inestimable privileges of civil and religious freedom, even in the solitude and perils of the wilderness.

When Goodman Bradstreet has retired, and the evening is well-nigh spent, the good man of the house takes the family Bible, and reads from it aloud those sacred truths, which at their London fireside had been their comfort and support; which had cheered them on the stormy ocean, and were now their consolation and joy; and then with much fervency, offers the evening sacrifice of prayer and praise, while all stand round in the silent and solemn attitude of worship.

You are then shown to your lodging for the night,—the bed reserved for visitors, enclosed with curtains to exclude the night air, and the

too early light of the morning. As you lie upon your pillow, curiosity prompts you to draw aside the curtain, and take a peep through the shrunk logs; a beautiful bright star meets your eye with many others less brilliant. The woods resound with the hideous yells of beasts: among which the howling of a pack of wolves is predominant, and waxes louder and louder, till they seem at length to be close by your bed. With the bleating of the sheep, the bellowing of the cattle, and the barking of the stout mastiffs in the yard, all is bustle, stir, and alarm. The family is in motion. Mr. Cogswell and his eldest son seize their rifles, and discharge them in quick succession at the door. The flashing of the powder, and the strange report of the guns soon start off the savage pack; not, however, without taking with them one or two poor sheep, partly devoured.

After a refreshing night's sleep, you rise with the morning sun, and breakfast and family worship being ended, you walk out to survey the wood-land scenery. A dense forest of birch, oak, chesnut, and maple, the growth of centuries, meets your eye in every direction. Here and there you see a cleared spot, which the Indians have burned away, and use for growing corn, or which the new settlers have cleared up for

tillage. The road before you, towards the river, winds about, to avoid the larger stumps, and on the low and muddy parts of it, the straight portions of small trees are laid, covered here and there with a little earth, or with plenty of soft brush. You look over on your right into one of the cornfields, leaning as you look, not on substantial stone walls, but on such slender fencing of poles, and brush, as the necessity of the times permits, and wonder that amidst such a multitude of burnt stumps, any thing can be made to grow by ploughing, or spading the earth.

Following an Indian foot-path, through the forest, you come out at a wide plot of ground, where are some dozen wigwams, clustered on the sunny side of a hill, which overlooks the marsh and Chebacco river. As you approach their huts with the measured step and cautious eye, which the sight of a savage always inspires, you hesitate whether to go forward, or turn back. But curiosity prevails, and you begin to examine their premises. Their wigwams are made of bark, fastened by strong withs to poles driven into the earth, in a broad circle at the bottom, and brought nearly together at the top, to save the necessity of making a roof. Leaving a hole at the top for the smoke to escape, the fire is kindled in the centre beneath; around which,

on the ground, the indolent men are lying or sitting. While their squaws, with their papooses, are abroad, some gathering fuel, some bringing in pumpkins and beans; some drying the fish, and the venison taken by their lords in their last excursion. The skin of some animal tied about their waists, is all their clothing. In one wigwam, into which you take a peep, you see the men busily engaged in gambling, hazarding, and often losing every particle of property they possessed.

In another direction, you see a company of men, women, and children, gathered round a powah. He is performing, to their astonishment, some of his wonderful feats. He can make the rocks dance, and the water burn, and turn himself into a blazing man. He can change a *dry snake skin* into a living snake, to be seen, felt, and heard. All these things you see him do, and are ready to exclaim, "there is no new thing under the sun! That which is done is that which shall be done." But hark! What loud and bitter cry is that, issuing from one of the huts? It is a lamentation for the dead, made ever and anon by the mourning family, and the neighbors assembled with them. The man of the hut has died, and his burial is to take place before evening.

It is now time to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and the women are busy preparing food. You are inquisitive to see how it is done. At a little distance from the wigwam, the fire for cooking is kindled. One is moistening some corn, which she has bruised in a hollow stone, with a stone pestle, by pouring water upon it from a dried pumpkin shell, and spreading it for baking upon a thin flat stone. Another is boiling meat in a wooden vessel, by putting hot rocks in the water with the meat, and changing them often. The wooden vessel is a log rudely hollowed out by a stone gouge. As hospitality to strangers is the Indian's pride, you are, of course, invited to partake of the repast. It is in the wigwam where the men are seated upon the ground in a circle, with the food in the centre. You contrive to sit with them, though with far less grace, and eat with them out of the common dish, without knife or fork, or salt, or drink. The women stand round till their lords have finished, and then in a like posture eat up the remains.

After thus dining, in Indian style, you bend your course to the banks of the river, where are a group of Indian children frolicking in the water, some not over three years, swimming like ducklings. Numerous canoes of birch bark are

gliding up and down the river, for the purpose of clamming and fishing. The river will never be more lively a hundred years hence. As you walk on the bank of the river, you see a contrivance for catching the river fish. It is called a wear, and belongs to John Perkins, Jr. It consists of stone walls, extending towards each other down the stream, till they come in contact at an angle of forty-five degrees. At this angle a trap is set, made of hoops and twigs, in which great numbers of fish are taken. Mr. Perkins is granted this privilege for seven years, beginning with 1636, and is to sell his alewives at 5s. for 1000. Richard Kent is also allowed to build another wear, having one already in operation.

On your return to the hill of wigwams, you see a crowd collected for the funeral. The mourners have their faces painted black. The corpse rests by the side of the grave, till they join again in their savage howl. Tears roll freely down the cheeks of old and young. The body is laid in the grave; and another dismal cry is heard. The mat on which the deceased died, is then spread over the body. His tomahawk and spear, and whatever was most precious to him, is buried with him; but his garment of skin they hang upon a tree near by, never again to be touched, but to perish with the body.

As you turn away from this solemn scene, deeply affected with their dark superstition, and their destitution of the light of Revelation, and of all the comforts and blessings of civilized life, you are more sensible than ever of your obligations to Him that made you, and who died to redeem you. Returning by the road that you came, you pass a thick swamp, and see just before you a bear with her cubs just entering it, and are glad that her eye was turned from you, till she was on her way through the swamp. A little further along, you see a wolf caught in a trap, or rather held fast by a line. He cannot pull away; for the hooks in his mouth, attached to the line, cause him great agony. These hooks, four in number, had been bound together by a thread, some wool wrapped about them, and then dipped in melted tallow, till they formed a substance as large as an egg; which has proved a bait to the unsuspecting animal.

Prolonging your visit for a day or two in Mr. Cogswell's family, you call also upon their neighbors, who, though few and far between, are treasures of comfort to each other, abounding in all the sweet charities of good neighborhood. Your walk at this time lies in a north and north-west direction, on the road which leads to the centre of Ipswich. The first house which you come to,

is Wm. Goodhue's. He has just moved into the place, and entered his new log building, which is about a quarter of a mile north of Mr. Cogswell's. A half mile beyond Wm. Goodhue's in the same direction, is the Bradstreet house; and nearly a mile farther, on the dark and solitary road through the woods to Ipswich, is Wm. White's. By your brief visits to each of these families, you learn that they are thoroughly Puritan in their principles, and English in their manners and customs. Their children were born in England, and have been thus far well instructed and brought up. Their houses, though built of logs, are comfortable and well furnished. Having spent the day pleasantly in these happy and hospitable families, you return to Mr. C's. It is Saturday evening. The pious household are making preparation for the coming Sabbath, the

"Day of all the week the best,"

and for the proper observance of which, chiefly, they left their native land, and settled in this wilderness. Nothing is left undone which it is practicable to do, by way of preparation for holy time. On Sabbath morning, having risen at an early hour, all get ready with their best apparel to attend public worship in the body of the town. The mother is mounted upon a horse, with the

youngest daughter behind her; while the other three daughters and three sons, with their father at their head, travel on foot. The mother and daughters, however, ride alternately, as fatigue requires, or choice directs. The father and eldest son go armed, to guard against the attacks of wild beasts. The road is long and rough; but love for the house of God lightens the toil. They are joined on the way by the families of their neighbors, and the excitement of social affections, and suitable conversation, makes the way seem short.

In less than two hours, you are at the door of the meeting house, a spacious log building, but filled with many a warm heart, and lighted up with many a heavenly countenance. The services on both parts of the day, consists of prayer, singing, and preaching. The preacher is Mr. Ward, the pastor of the church. His discourses are full of evangelical sentiment, calculated to humble the sinner, and exalt the Saviour; and you know not which most to admire, the lucid arrangement of the excellent matter, sustained at every point by scripture quotations, or the fluency and fervor of the delivery. You mark, as a peculiarity of the times, that one of the elders or deacons, who sit in a pew adjoining the pulpit, in front, reads the psalm, one line at a

time, and all in the assembly, that are able, join with him in the singing.

The services being ended at an early hour, the intermission having been very short, you commence your return with the pilgrim family. Deeply interested in the preacher, you are prompted, as you walk by the side of Mr. C., to ask of him some account of the man. He cheerfully complies, and gives you the following particulars of his beloved pastor, as he has learned them from an authentic source.

Mr. Nathaniel Ward was born at Haverhill, England, in 1570. He was educated at one of our principal universities, and after having been for some time a student and practitioner of the law, he travelled in Holland, Germany, Prussia, and Denmark. At the university of Heidelberg, he became acquainted with the celebrated scholar and divine, David Pareus, and by conversing with him, was induced to abandon the profession of law, and to commence the study of divinity. After being occupied for some time, in theological pursuits, at Heidelberg, he returned to England, and was settled in the ministry at Standon, in Hertfordshire. He was ordered before the bishop, December 12, 1631, to answer for his non conformity, and refusing to comply with the requisitions of the church, he

was at length forbidden to continue in the exercise of his clerical office. In April, 1634, he left his native country, and arrived here in the following June; and was soon settled over us as our pastor, being sixty-four years of age.

Having reached Mr. C's. house, and supped with the family, you close the day as it was begun, with household devotions, and with conversation suited to make you more useful and happy on earth, and better prepared for the world to come. On the following day you take leave of the family, in which you have made so pleasant a visit, resolving that you will return again, if you live, and see what progress your venerated ancestors have made, in the clearing of land, in the arts of husbandry, and the comforts of life.

In the mean time, the settlement and improvement of the place gradually advanced. The persecution of the dissenters in England continuing, great numbers of them embarked for this country. But in 1640 the tide of emigration, in a great measure, ceased to flow. The spirit of liberty, and even of republicanism had begun then to show itself in the British Parliament, and hope was cherished by the Puritans that they should soon enjoy as much civil and religious freedom there as here. It was esti-

mated at the time, that up to 1640, about four thousand families, consisting of twenty-one thousand souls, had arrived in two hundred and ninety-eight ships. The expense of the removal of these families was estimated at £192,000 sterling, which, including what they paid at home, and to the Indians here, was a dear purchase of their lands.*

Of these emigrants, Ipswich received a proportional share, both as to numbers, intelligence, and piety. Johnson, as quoted by Felt, remarks of Ipswich, as early as 1646, "The peopling of this town is by men of good rank and quality, many of them having the yearly revenue of large lands in England, before they came to this wilderness." Cotton Mather says of Ipswich, in 1638, "Here was a renowned church, consisting mostly of such illuminated Christians, that their pastors, in the exercise of their ministry, might think that they had to do not so much with disciples as judges." Of Mr. Rogers he says: "His colleague here was the celebrious Norton; and glorious was the church of Ipswich now in two such extraordinary persons, with their different gifts, but united hearts, carrying on the concerns of the Lord's kingdom in it."

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* History of New England.

As Mr. Ward had resigned his office by reason of ill health, the church elected Mr. Norton as his successor in 1636, and two years after, chose Mr. Rogers for his colleague. They were in office together, one as pastor, and the other as teacher; a distinction chiefly nominal, as their official duties were much the same. Mr. Rogers, (Nathaniel,) was born at Haverhill, England, in 1598. He was a descendant of John Rogers, the martyr; was educated at Emanuel college, where he was eminent both as a scholar and a Christian. He came to this country at the age of forty, in company with many others, who all settled with him at Ipswich. Mr. Norton was born at Starford, England, in 1606; entered the university of Cambridge at fourteen; removed to this country in 1635: resided in Boston about a year, and then settled in Ipswich, at the age of thirty. In 1652, he removed to Boston, and was settled as successor to Mr. John Cotton.

Mr. Ward, the first minister of Ipswich, continued to preach in Ipswich occasionally after he resigned his office as pastor of that church. In 1638 he was appointed by the General Court, on a committee to prepare a code of laws. In 1639 he sends them the result of his labors. Copies of it were sent to the several towns for the consideration of the freemen. It was adopt-

ed by the General Court in 1641. It consisted of a hundred laws, called the body of liberties. Mr. Ward, it will be remembered, was an eminent lawyer before he became a minister, which was one reason, doubtless, why he was appointed on this committee. In 1640, with some men of Newbury, he commenced the settlement of Haverhill, where afterwards his son John was settled in the ministry. Having been in this country eleven years, he returned to England, at the age of seventy-five, and became minister of Shenfield, in Essex County, where he lived eight years, and died aged eighty-three. He published, after he returned to England, several tracts, and a book, entitled "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," a satirical and witty performance.

"The year 1638," history informs us, "was remarkable for a great earthquake, throughout New England. This earthquake, as did that of 1627, which was equally violent and extensive, constituted a remarkable era, that was long remembered, and referred to by the pious inhabitants of these infant colonies."*

In 1634, a law was passed, that the whole body of freemen meet in Boston, from all the towns, at the General Court of Election, and

* History of New England.

choose the magistrates, including Governor, and Lieut. Governor. In 1636, Ipswich, and five other towns are allowed to keep a sufficient guard of freemen at home from such a court, and to forward their proxies.

This practice continued for about thirty years, when it went into disuse, and the present usage was in substance adopted.

Pequot War.—1637.

The Pequots inhabited the borders of Connecticut river, from its mouth to within a few miles of Hartford. They were a fierce, cruel, and warlike tribe. They had murdered several English families in that neighborhood; and by seeking a union with other savage tribes, threatened to destroy the whole of the English colonists. This aroused the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, to unite, and make common cause against so destructive a foe. Connecticut raised 90, Plymouth 40, and Massachusetts 200 troops. The quota of Ipswich, for this army is 23. They are drawn out by lot. The names of all the inhabitants, fit to bear arms, are placed in a box by the proper authorities, and drawn out, one by one, until the number to be drafted is completed. An order is then sent to each of the drafted men, to appear on parade on

such a day and hour, prepared to march in pursuit of the enemy. The summons is doubtless received with calmness and courage by men, who felt that the peace and security of their wives and children, and the welfare of the country, depended on their subduing this haughty and cruel foe. No little agitation and solicitude, however, is felt by the families in view of their husbands, fathers, and brothers, being called to the battle-ground, with the uncertainty of ever seeing them again. Three of the drafted men were from this part of the town,—Andrew Story, Robert Cross, and John Burnham. Story probably lived at the Falls. Burnham lived on the farm now owned by Enoch and Caleb Haskell. His land, as appears from an ancient deed, extended to the head of the creek, then called Clark's Creek, and thence south-easterly, toward Gloucester line, including the farm now owned by Ezra Perkins, and joining upon the school farm. He was the progenitor of the Burnhams in this place. Some of his descendants inherited and lived on that tract of land until within thirty years. Others settled at an early period on land now owned by Timothy Andrews, Winthrop Burnham, Daniel Mears, Wm. Low, and others,—making a circuit near the woods, from the south-west corner of the school farm, over Rocky Hill, to Chebacco Pond.

Cross, we suppose, must have lived on a tract of land east of John Burnham's; probably on the farm now owned by Jonathan Lufkin; since the town records mention a road, ordered to be laid out in 1657, from his house to the farther (south) side of Chebacco ferry; the same road probably, which is now from Caleb Haskell's, by the East school house, to Jonathan Lufkin's.

The persons above named, went to the war, and returned in safety; as we find them mentioned two years afterwards, among those who were to receive from the town, a grant of land from two to ten acres each, for their services in the Pequot war.

We will visit Mr. Burnham's, and hear from his own lips, the story which he may be supposed to have related to his family and friends, on his return.

It is a summer evening, and the family and visitors are seated in the yard of the log house, upon logs conveniently arranged, when Mr. B. thus begins: You remember the morning when neighbor Cross and I set out for the army, with our blankets and provisions strapped to our backs, and guns in hand. As we passed neighbor Cogswell's, he shook us heartily by the hand, and said it was a righteous cause, and God would prosper us in it. They saw us coming at Good-

man Bradstreet's, and the whole family came to bid us God-speed, and wish us a safe return.

When we reached the corner of Belcher's lane, we found Andrew Story, from the Falls, waiting to join us. It was a painful and laborious expedition which was before us, attended with many anxieties as to whether we should ever see home again or not. But we encouraged one another in the Lord, believing that he had called us to the work of defending our lives and liberties against the attacks of a savage foe. We reached Ipswich Common, a little before the time appointed, and found there some of the drafted men of Ipswich, and those from Rowley and Newbury. Very soon Capt. Dennison, and the rest of our company, came upon the ground. A number of the settlers in the neighborhood, with our beloved pastor, came also to take leave of us. We formed a line, and our captain having exercised us for a while, requested our minister, Mr. Ward, to give us a word of exhortation, and offer a prayer, which he did. We then took up our march for the Pequot country. Having reached Salem Village, (North Danvers,) we were joined by the drafted men from Salem, and as we marched on, several others fell into our ranks. We reached Charlestown late in the evening, and encamped on the common; it was

the first time that I had ever slept upon the ground, with nothing but the starry heavens for a covering. The next day, passing through Cambridge, we found there the Boston troops, with Capt. Stoughton, who was to be our principal captain, having the military stores, and camp utensils. We marched nearly thirty miles that day, through thick woods, and across many small streams, halting at noon for our meals, and for rest. The Indians, with their squaws and papooses, came from their hills around, to take a peep at us. They professed to be friendly; but there was jealousy in their looks, a sort of half war, and half peace. As we went through a manual exercise, and especially when we took aim, they suddenly skulked behind their stout oaks; but soon ventured out again, when they found our guns did not speak. At evening we found an open space on the side of a hill, cleared by the Indians, and there halted for the night. Having kindled our fires, and ate a good supper of porridge, we attended, as usual, upon prayer, offered by one of our captains, and with a trusty watch, and blazing fires, we laid ourselves down, and slept safely and soundly. The next day, we found ourselves getting nearer to hostile ground, and kept a sharp look out, lest we should feel the arrows of the Indians, suddenly flying upon

us from the surrounding woods. We, however, passed along quietly that day. On the following night, the sound of the Indian warhoop, real or imaginary, we could not tell which, together with the tremendous howling of beasts, kept me awake for a while. But through fatigue I fell asleep, and dreamed of being in a terrible battle with the Pequots, whose arrows and tomahawks gave us no small trouble. Their awful yelling getting louder and louder, awaked me, when I discovered one of the watch standing over me, who told me it was time for me to get up, and take my turn in the watch. At length, after a tedious and exhausting march of nearly a week, often through pathless woods, carrying our guns, our ammunition, and provisions, we reached the Pequot's country, and learned that Capt. Mason, with 90 Connecticut troops, and 500 friendly Indians, had attacked and captured one of the principal forts of the Pequots, and that the remainder of them, with Sassacus, their principal Sachem, had gone westward, and Capt. Mason had returned to Saybrook. Capt. Stoughton, in consultation with his officers, concluded to march to Saybrook. At that place, Capt. Mason, being thus joined by the Massachusetts troops, 200 strong, had orders to march immediately in pursuit of the enemy. Accordingly, on the

morning of the 25th of June, we took up our line of march in search of the remnant of this warlike and cruel tribe. During one of our haltings at noon, a Connecticut soldier gave us some account of their attack and capture of one of the principal forts of the Pequots, situated near Groton, in the south-east part of Connecticut. "We reached," he said, "a swamp in Groton, and between two large rocks pitched our little camps. We were so near, that our sentinels could hear the enemy in their fort, singing and dancing through the night. About two hours before day, our officers awaked us, and having commended ourselves and our cause to the Almighty, in a prayer by the Chaplain, we proceeded with silence and dispatch for the enemy's fort. We had about 500 Indians with us. When within a few rods of the fort, we halted, and Capt. Mason sent for the Indian chiefs, Uncus and Wequash, and desired them to prepare their men for battle. But the chiefs said their men were afraid, and would not advance any farther. Capt. M. then told them not to go away, but to surround the fort at any distance they pleased, and see with what courage Englishmen could fight. The day was now dawning, and we pressed for the fort. Just as we came upon it, a Pequot sentinel discovered us, and roared out

'Owanux! Owanux!' 'Englishmen! Englishmen!' We pressed on, and as the Indians were rallying, poured upon them the contents of our muskets, and rushed into the fort, sword in hand. They gave us a very warm reception. After fighting nearly two hours, in which we killed hundreds of the Indians, and lost some of our own men, it seemed doubtful how we should come out; when our captain, rushing into a wigwam, and catching up a fire-brand, cried out, 'We must burn them," and instantly set fire to the mats on top of the wigwam. We followed his example, and soon the whole fort was in flames. We retreated out of the fort, and surrounded it. The friendly Indians, (Mohegans and Narragansetts,) formed another circle in our rear. The Pequots were now in a terrible state. Rushing from their burning cells, they were shot, or cut in pieces by the English. Many threw themselves into the flames. It was a grand and awful sight. The violence of the flames,—the reflection of the light,—the clashing and roar of arms,—the shrieks and yells of the savages in the fort,—and the shouting of the friendly Indians without, exceeded all I had ever witnessed. In less than two hours from the time we entered the fort, 80 wigwams were burned, and upwards

of 800 Indians destroyed. Our own loss did not exceed 25, killed and wounded."

This account of our Connecticut friend showed us what sort of a foe we had to deal with. But from the fact that so many of them had been destroyed, we were encouraged to hope that we should ere long, be wholly delivered from so cruel and ferocious an enemy. It was not long before we came in sight of some of them in small detatched parties, whom we easily captured or destroyed. But it was some time before we could get any information of the main body of the tribe. After five days' march, we reached Quinnipeak, (New Haven,) where we were told by a friendly Pequot, that Sassacus and his men were in a swamp, a few miles west of us. We pushed forward, and on the next day reached the border of the swamp. But it was too soft and boggy for any to enter but Indians. Our officers thought it best to surround the swamp, so as to be sure that none of them should escape, and annoy them as we could. We found that there was another tribe in the swamp, to the number of 300, that had never murdered any of the English. Them we willingly let out. But the Pequots said they had both shed and drank the blood of Englishmen, and were determined to fight it out. As night came on, we cut through

a part of the swamp, and made the circle round the enemy much less, and so completely hemmed them in, that they could not escape, even under the darkness of the night. The enemy finding in the morning that they were wholly shut in, made a violent attempt to break through our lines. But we drove them back, with great slaughter. They next tried to force the lines of the Connecticut troops; but with no better success. The battle now was close and hot, the enemy seeming determined not to yield but at the loss of their lives. Out of about 600 of them, only 60 escaped. Our loss was 11 killed, and 20 wounded. John Wedgwood and Thomas Sherman, of this town, were among the wounded. We took many of them prisoners; some of whom were kept by our men as servants, and some were sent to the West Indies, and sold to the planters. This battle finished the Pequot tribe. The few that escaped, or were not in the swamp, were destroyed by the friendly Indians. We took some of them on our return. A party of them hove in sight one day, when Francis Wright, our townsman, gave chase to them, and having no more powder and ball, he brake his gun over them, and brought two of their heads to the camp. The prisoners told us that more than 2,000 of their tribe had been killed in dif-

ferent battles, and more than a thousand taken prisoners.* Our march back was less tedious, as we had less to bring; and, as we neared home, the way seemed shorter. Ipswich never seemed so pleasant before; the sight of Chebacco was still pleasanter. We owe many thanks to God for keeping us alive and unharmed in so hard and perilous a campaign, and in giving us such signal success. Upon this, the good man offered a prayer, abounding in thanksgiving, as well as supplication; after which all retired.

Notwithstanding the extermination of this numerous and warlike tribe, the fear and alarm excited by the Indians were not diminished, but gradually increased among the colonists. An order is issued by the Governor and Council, requiring Ipswich, Rowley, and Newbury, to send 40 men, on the Sabbath, Sept. 2d., 1642, to disarm Pasconoway, who lived at Merrimack. This was caused by the suspicion of a general conspiracy against the English.

The pay of the soldiers in these wars, was 1s. per day, and the officers 2s. Musket balls and wampum, i. e. strings of shells, black, white, and blue, were the currency of the day. None but freemen could hold offices or vote for rulers.

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* Trumbull's History Indian Wars.

To become a freeman, each person was required to become a member of some Congregational church. This was doubtless owing to the peculiar situation of our ancestors at that time. They had fled from the persecution of the Episcopal Church at home. Now if they had allowed men of that church, or any other church, hostile to religious freedom, to take the lead in their affairs here, in their feeble state, the result might have been the bringing in of the same persecuting power of the Bishops, from which they had already suffered so much, and this would have defeated the very end for which they came here. They might as well have remained under the persecuting power of the bishops in their father land, as to have come to this wilderness, and allowed that power to follow them, and gain the ascendency over them. Their only security against this danger seemed to be in a law that every voter, and every candidate for office, should be a member of some Congregational church; i. e., a church, whose principles of government are wholly democratic. Others might reside among them unmolested, but not take the lead, or have any management in their civil or religious affairs. Some have taken occasion from this to reproach them, as if they were not willing to grant that liberty to others which they

claimed for themselves. But they stood in this matter only in self defence. They had bought, with a great price, their tract of land in this part of the wide wilderness, and were at a great expense and suffering in settling on it, for the express purpose of enjoying their own religion in their own way. The wilderness was wide enough for all. Others might choose their portion in it, and set up what worship they pleased, and conduct their own affairs in their own way, on territory, the sovereignty of which they had fully and fairly acquired. But they could not be allowed to reside on the lands of the Puritans, at the hazard of robbing them of their dearest rights and privileges. They could not, therefore, become voters or rulers among them without complying with certain specified conditions: such conditions as our fathers deemed necessary to protect their own liberties. The same, for substance, is true with us at this day, though the conditions of citizenship are not the same, because our circumstances are different. The times of our fathers were those of infancy and weakness. The least tendency to mutiny in the infant colony, placed them in great jeopardy. As on board of a vessel, the safety of the whole depends on the suppression of the first manifestation of a mutinous spirit, and even of the pro-

mulgation of principles tending to mutiny, by the severest measures, if necessary; so in these infant settlements of our fathers, with savages in the midst of them, with wild beasts around them, with scarcely any means of defence, and themselves few and far between, the preservation of their lives, and of their dearest rights and liberties, depended on their promptly putting down all opposition to their civil government, and suppressing all insurrectionary publications.

Hence, when Roger Williams, a Welsh emigrant, appeared in 1631, and refused the oath of fidelity to the government, and taught others to follow his example; and taught that their patent obtained of King Charles, was invalid; and that it was wrong to take an oath in a court of justice, or any where else, unless you first knew that the person administering the oath, was a converted man, and other things equally absurd and dangerous to the civil peace, he was sent out of their colony, and proceeding to another part of the wilderness, he began the settlement of Rhode Island; which he might as well have done before attempting to overturn the government of Massachusetts as afterwards.*

* It is a remarkable fact, that Rhode Island, actuated by the principles of self defence, imitated Massachusetts in that very thing in which Roger Williams had so reproachfully condemned them; viz, excluding those religion-

And thus, too, when the Quakers appeared in 1656, with the declaration that no government was lawful unless administered by them, "That every other government but their own was a tree to be cut down,"* and carried out these insurrectionary principles, by riotous and treasonable acts,—they were sent out of the colony. On their returning with the same determination to overturn, if possible, the civil authorities, they were sent out again, with the warning that if they returned the third time, they would be subjected to capital punishment. In their infatuation, they came back, and four of them were hung on Boston Common; just as incorrigible rebels against civil government would now be treated,—and yet this is called in all our school histories, the persecution of the Quakers! We have alluded to this matter because the reputation of the first settlers of Ipswich, and of this place, then a part of Ipswich, as well as of the colonists in general, is so deeply concerned in it. It seems to be time that their

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ists, whom they believed to be dangerous to civil liberty, from the privileges of freemen, or the right of choosing, or being chosen, civil officers. And this, too, in violation of the charter which they had just received from England. In March, 1663, they enacted a law, in which they say, "That all men, of competent estates, and of civil conversation, *Roman Catholics only excepted*, shall be admitted freemen.—*Hist. of N. E.*

* History of New England.

children should know, that the memory of their justly venerated sires is not deserving of this foul stigma, which some have endeavored to fasten upon it.

The first settlers of this town claimed all the land contained in it, having purchased it of Masconnomet, for £20 sterling. And what they did not divide among themselves, for their immediate use and improvement, or grant to others that came to settle among them, they held in common, and were therefore called commoners, and their land thus held, commonage. They appear to have been a body of proprietors, distinct from the town; for it was not till 1788, that they gave to the town all their claim to the common land, to pay the town debt. But though distinct from the town as a body, they seem also to have had some connection with it in this matter, and to have been in a measure under its jurisdiction respecting it, for we find in the records of the town, that "None but commoners shall make any use of common land," and the Selectmen are directed to petition the Court for a confirmation of this order. The Court accordingly passed a law, "That no dwelling shall have commonage, except those now built, or may be, by consent of commoners, or towns."

In 1643, Thomas Low settled in this place, on

land now owned by Capt. Winthrop Low. His house was about thirty-five rods south of Capt. L's. mansion.

In 1645, John Choate, the first of the name in this place, came from England, and took land near the head of the creek, which divides Essex from Ipswich. His house was a few rods north-east of where John Low's now stands. He had four sons, and a number of daughters. His son Joseph, and grandson Daniel, afterwards owned the same farm. His son John settled on the farm now owned by Darius Cogswell. Thomas settled on Hog Island. He was a great farmer, and was called Governor Choate, probably from his having the sole rule and possession of the Island. His son John, born 1697, built the stone bridge in Ipswich, called Choate's bridge. His daughter Sarah, married Rev. Amos Cheever, of Manchester.

In 1645, we are told, New England was remarkably prosperous: commerce flourished, the fishery was actively carried on, and agriculture was successful.

Another Visit to the Ancient Settlers.

1649. As a marriage is to take place at Mr. Cogswell's, we will revisit the family, notice the changes that have occurred, and be present at

the joyful solemnity. When there before, thirteen years since, they were living in their log house, surrounded by a dense forest, with but little land cleared, and that little full of burnt stumps, and with Indian wigwams near at hand, and the wolf, and the wild cat, and the bear, as soon as night set in, filling the forest with their terrific notes. But though the savage man and beast remain, you see many agreeable changes wrought by the persevering hand of industry. The log house has been abandoned for a new framed house, two stories in font, the roof descending on the back side nearly to the ground, the chimney in the centre, with two spacious apartments, and their chambers, on each side of it, and a kitchen in their rear, narrow, but nearly as long as the house. The chimney is built of stone, in its natural state, carefully selected, and put together with clay mortar, as high as the garret floor, where it receives a wooden chimney, daubed on the inside with clay mortar, and rising some feet above the roof. The fire-places in each of the front rooms, are spacious, but in the kitchen of a mammoth size, so that the whole family may be seated in the corners at the ends of blazing logs, four or five feet in length. The boards were sawn by hand. Bricks being laid against the inner partition, and cov-

ered with clay, to exclude the cold, the boards on the out side, called clay-boards, are fastened in an upright posture, with narrow strips covering the interstices. The roof is finished in the same style. The house stands in from the road, and faces the south, that the sun at high noon, may look full into the windows, and by suitable marks on the window stool, may indicate the hour of the day. The windows are three feet by two, with small diamond-shaped glass, set in lead lines, and opening outwardly, on hinges. As you approach the house from the road, you pass through a beautiful garden of shrubbery, arranged after the English fashion. The whole establishment, though without the modern clapboards and shingles, and the ornament of paint, affords a fine contrast to the rough, dark-looking log cabin, still standing just in the rear. You stand at the door, and might enter, by pulling the new nice string which hangs before you, but you choose to knock, that some one may show you in, and conduct you to the family; by whom you are cordially received, and hospitably entertained. You are as much pleased with the improvement of their dwelling internally, as externally. The fine carpets, which could not be laid upon the rough floors of the log house, are now spread upon their new rooms, comparing well

with the stuffed chairs, and other furniture brought with them from England, and saved from the wreck at Pemaquid.

While the father and sons are busy in the field, the females are more than usually busy in the house, preparing for the expected wedding, and fitting the bride with a suitable wardrobe, and other articles for housekeeping. Having paid your respects to the family within, you walk abroad to see those without, and to witness the various improvements upon the premises. The black stumps in the fields are nearly all gone, and new fields added to the old ones. The woods have grown thinner, and have retired farther from the barn, and other out buildings. The road from Mr. C's. to the ferry, is not near as dark as formerly, and is much improved for travelling. But you do not venture far; for the law of the day forbids your going beyond a mile from the house alone, or unarmed, through fear of the Indians. The Indians here have the appearance of peace; but they belong to an insidious race; and need constant watching. See there a spacious log building, with strongly fortified doors. It has been erected in conformity with a general order from the Court, to be a retreat for all the families around, in case of an attack from the Indians. A watch is kept every

night in all the towns, and the discharge of a gun is the signal of alarm. In the conversation of the evening, this matter is often referred to, and the wish that their savage neighbors would take up their wigwams, and leave the town, is heartily responded to by all. But there is little hope of this, and the various ways in which they would defend themselves, or escape from their murderous weapons, is, therefore, freely talked of, especially by the younger members of the family. But there is one defence surer than all others, the protecting arm of a gracious Providence; and as the good man of the house devoutly renders thanks in the family prayer, for their preservation thus far from so dreadful a foe, and other impending dangers, and supplicates a continuance of the same, all unite with deeper solicitude, and more heartfelt devotion than ever.

The morning light dawns upon the Sabbath. All prepare at an early hour for the Sabbath days' journey to the house of God. Their home they leave under the protection of that Being whose command they obey in not forsaking the assembling of themselves together. As you proceed with the men armed, you are silent, ready to catch every sound from the deep woods, lest it should betoken an attack from some beast, or savage foe.

The neighbors join you, as you pass their houses, armed in like manner, and your fears are abated as your numbers increase. On arriving at the house of God, the numerous muskets and pikes, seen in the hands both of old men and young, give signs of the common danger. But faith in God, composes the mind, and prepares the heart for His worship who is the source of all good, and a very present help in trouble. But means are to be used, and, to prevent a surprise, sentinels are placed on the outside of the church, while the congregation worship within.

Mr. Rogers, the pastor, begins the services with a prayer. The teacher, Mr. Norton, then reads and expounds a portion of scripture. A Psalm is then givn out by one of the ruling elders or deacons, which is read and sung line by line. Mr. Rogers preaches in the morning, and Mr. Norton in the afternoon. An hour glass is placed at one end of the elders pew, that the sermon may not be less than an hour in the delivery. Singing, prayer, and the benediction follow the sermon on both parts of the day. Before the close of the afternoon service, the usual Sabbath collection is taken in the following manner: the whole congregation, with the magistrates and chief men at their head, pass up one aisle to the deacons' seat, where, if they give

money, they drop it into a box, if any thing else, they set it down before the deacon, and then pass down the other aisle to their seats. At the close, notice is given of the Thursday lecture, at eleven o'clock, A. M., which all are expected to attend, as it is a service which the parishioners have requested of their minister, for their own religious instruction and edification. As soon as the benediction is pronounced, your attention is suddenly arrested by the loud and measured tones of the town clerk, in the following announcement, "Notice is hereby given that marriage is intended between Godfrey Armitage, of Boston, and Mary Cogswell, of Ipswich." As this is the third Sabbath that the parties have been thus publicly cried, only a slight tinge of red now suffuses Mary's face. A justice of the peace must marry them; such is the law of the colony. But as religious services are proper and important on the ocoasion, the parents invite their pastors to be present on the following Tuesday, at eleven o'clock.

In conversation with the family, as you return, you speak of the precious privileges you have enjoyed; and of your great satisfaction that the sermons, so faithful and profitable, were each of them over an hour in length. "We could not do with less instruction from the pul-

pit than this," says Mr. C. We therefore stipulated with our pastors at their settlement, that in proportion as they fell short of an hour, in their sermons, a deduction should be made from their yearly support.

In your walk on Monday through the north end, you notice with pleasure, the increased number of settlers, all occupying framed houses, and all having some cultivated lands nearly free from stumps, and orchards that are beginning, some of them, to yield fruit. Nothing seems to be in the way of their comfort and peace, except that the bears and wolves commit depredations upon their flocks and herds, both by night and by day, making it unsafe for the children to be out of the sight of their parents. The Indians, too, frequenting the woods and the roads, and occasionally looking into their houses, though apparently friendly, yet occasion anxiety lest they are plotting some hidden mischief.

A beautiful bright sun dawns on the nuptial day, accompanied with a balmy refreshing air. The company begin to assemble at an early hour. The best room is thrown open, and soon filled with the invited guests, the near neighbors, and many friends and acquaintances, from the body of the town. The officiating magistrate, William Paine, Esq., with Mr. Rogers and Mr. Nor-

ton, enter together, and receive the affectionate salutations of the company. The children are at home. William has brought his intended to partake with him the joy of the occasion. Charles Waldo, of Chelmsford, soon to be married to Hannah, is also present. There are two young men from the centre of Ipswich, Clark and Tuttle, both beginning to be troubled with some heart beatings. Clark has an eye upon Abigail, and Tuttle upon Sarah. Both of whom, in some unaccountable way, have caught the same heart complaint. But whether they caught it of the young men, or the young men of them, remains in uncertainty. One thing is certain, they hardly dare to exchange glances, because they have not yet asked leave, and the law of the colony is severe upon the young man that makes or manifests love to a young lady without leave, formally obtained of her parents.

The bride and bridegroom are seated by themselves opposite to the magistrate, with the bride's maid and groom's man in their appropriate places. The time for the ceremony having arrived, Mr. Rogers invokes the blessing of God. The magistrate then joins the parties in marriage, by their mutual assent to a solemn covenant, and Mr. Norton closes with prayer. As the marriage feast is soon to follow, the intervening time is

spent in pleasant and profitable conversation on the signs of the times, and the news of the day, both at home and abroad. The news from England of the execution of Charles I., particularly engrosses their attention. They are all agreed that if ever a murderer deserved death for one act of murder, Charles, who, by his tyranny and cruelty, perpetually harassed and oppressed his subjects, robbing them of their dearest rights and privileges, certainly deserved no less. Cromwell, the real leader and master-spirit in this struggle for freedom, they highly extol for his piety and courage, his wisdom and indomitable energy, his patriotism, and love of justice, and devoutly wish, that with the help of God, he may be instrumental of restoring liberty to England, and establishing permanently a republican form of government. Dinner being ended, and the company retiring, you retire with them.

The School Farm.

1651, Jan. 11th. The town give to the Grammar or Latin School, all the "neck beyond Chebacco river, and the rest of the ground up to Gloucester line." January 16th, this land is leased by the trustees of the donation to John Cogswell, Jr., of Chebacco, and his heirs and assigns forever, for £14 a year. It includes the

land on the south of the river to Gloucester line, as far east as the creek, over which is the lower causeway, and west, as far as the brook near Warren Low's house. At the date of this lease, money, by being very scarce, was of so much value, that £14, ($46, 2-3,) was a sufficient salary for the teacher. But when money, by becoming more plenty, fell in value, and would purchase comparatively but little, the salary was altogether insufficient. Hence, the town in 1720, were about commencing a suit against the holders of the school farm, to compel them to pay the original value of the £14. This suit they offered to relinquish, if the occupants of the farm would agree to support the schoolmaster, which would have cost in that day, about $200. But this the occupants were clearly not bound to do by the terms of the lease, as the town no doubt ascertained; for they abandoned the prosecution, and remained satisfied with the nominal sum. If it had been stipulated in the lease, that the annual rent should be more or less than £14, according to the value of money, estimated by the current price of certain specified articles of living, the amount at this day would probably have been more than $200 a year. This, however, would not now support a schoolmaster, as £14 did then, because, besides the difference

in the price of commodities, the style of living, is now full three times as expensive as it was then.

Death of Mr. Rogers.

1655. The funeral of Mr. Rogers, the only minister of the town, after the removal of Mr. Norton to Boston, takes place, and is attended by a great number of people, from all parts of the town, and by many from neighboring towns. He is buried at the expense of the town, and his grave is bedewed with the tears of many who loved him as their pastor, and whose souls had been savingly benefitted by his earnest and faithful ministry. The people of Chebacco have much reason to lament his comparatively early departure from life, for often had he been with them in their houses, in scenes of joy and sorrow. He had sat with them by the side of their sick beds, directing them to Jesus, the friend and Saviour of sinners, and comforting their hearts with his promises to the penitent and believing. He had solemnized their marriages, baptized their children, and buried their dead. For about sixteen or seventeen years, they had enjoyed his ministry in the sanctuary of God, on the Sabbath, and on lecture days. His sermons were of a more than ordinary character, and were listened to by large and attentive audiences, who

could not fail, under such preaching, to have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. The following account of him is taken from Cotton Mather's work on New England, entitled Magnalia Christi Americana, published 1702. I have abridged Mather's account to save room; yet, as it is in his own words, it may serve both to instruct us in respect to Mr. Rogers, and as a specimen of Mather's style of writing. Mather was minister of the North church, Boston.

"Nathaniel Rogers was the second son of that famous man, Mr. John Rogers, of Dedham, (England,) and born while his father was minister of *Haveril,* about the year 1598. He was educated at the Grammar (Latin) school in Dedham, till he was near fourteen years old, and then he was admitted into *Emanuel* College, in *Cambridge.* There he became a remarkable and incomparable proficient in all *academick learning.* His usual *manner* was to be an early and *exact student,* by which means, he was quickly laid in with a good stock of *learning,* but into all his other learning there was that glory added, *the fear of God,* for the crown of all; the principles whereof were instilled into his young soul with the counsels of his pious *mother,* while he sat on her knees, as well as his *holy* father, when he came to riper years. From his very childhood, he was exem-

plary for the success which God gave unto the cares of his parents to principle him with such things, as rendered him *wise unto salvation.*

"The first *specimen* that he gave of his ministerial abilities, was as a *chaplain* in the house of a person of quality; whence, after a year or two, thus *fledged,* he adventured a flight into a great congregation, at Bocking, in *Essex,* under Dr. Barkham; not without the wonder of many, how the son of the most noted *Puritan* in *England,* should come to be employed under an Episcopal Doctor, so gracious with Bishop Laud; but this Dr. *Barkham* was a *good preacher* himself, and he was also willing to gratify his parishioners, who were, many of them, religiously disposed; hence, though the Dr. would not spare a tenth part of his revenues, which, from his *divers livings,* amounted unto near a thousand pounds a year, ($4,000,) to one who did above *three quarters* of his work, yet he was otherwise very courteous and civil to our *Mr. Rogers,* whom his parishioners handsomely maintained out of their own *purses,* and showed what a room he had in their hearts, by their doing so.

"But the Doctor of *Bocking,* being present at the funeral of some eminent person there, he observed that *Mr. Rogers* forbore to put on the *surplice,* in the exercise of his ministry on that

occasion; which inspired him with as much disgust against his *curate*, as his curate had against the *surplice* itself. Whereupon, though the Doctor were so much a gentleman, as to put no *public affront* upon Mr. Rogers, yet he gave him his *private advice* to provide for himself in some other place.

See the providence of our Lord! about that very time, *Assington*, in *Suffolk*, being void by the death of the former incumbent, the patron thereof was willing to bestow it upon the son of his honored friend in *Dedham;* whither he was removed after that *Bocking* had, for four or five years, enjoyed his labors. The inhabitants of *Bromly*, near *Colchester*, were at the same time extremely discontented at their missing of him. However, see again the providence of our Lord! the Bishop of *Norwich* let him live quietly five years at *Assington*, which the Bishop of *London* would not have done at *Bromly*. This was the charge now betrusted with our *Rogers;* concerning whom, I find an eminent person publishing unto the world this account: Mr. Nathaniel Rogers, *a man so able and so judicious, in soul work, that I would have betrusted my soul with him, as soon as with any man in the church of Christ.*

"Here his ministry was both highly respected and greatly *prospered*, among persons of all quali-

ties, not only in the town itself, but in the neighborhood. He was a lively, curious, florid *preacher;* and by his *holy living*, he so farther preached, as to give much *life* to all his other *preaching*. He had usually every Lord's day, a greater number of hearers than could crowd into the church; and of those many *ignorant* ones were instructed, many *ungodly* ones were converted, and many sorrowful ones were comforted. Though he had not his father's notable *voice*, yet he had several ministerial qualifications, as was judged, beyond his father; and he was *one prepared unto every good work*, though he was also exercised with *bodily infirmities*, which his labors brought upon him.

But a course was taken to extinguish these *lights*, as fast as any notice could be taken of them. It was the resolution of the Hierarchy, that the ministers, who would not conform to their impositions, must be *silenced* all over the kingdom. Our Mr. Rogers, perceiving the approach of the *storm* towards himself, did, out of a particular *circumspection* in his own temper, choose rather to prevent, than to *receive* the censures of the ecclesiastical courts, and therefore he resigned his place to the patron, that so, some godly and learned conformist might be invested with it; nevertheless, not being free in his conscience wholly to lay down the exercise

of his ministry, he designed a removal into New England. He had married the daughter of one Mr. *Crane*, of *Cogeshal*, a gentleman of very considerable estate, who would gladly have mentioned this, his worthy son-in-law, with his family, if he would have tarried in *England*, but observing the strong inclination of his mind unto a *New English* voyage, he durst not oppose it. Now, though Mr. *Rogers* were a person very unable to bear the hardships of travel, yet the impression which God had made upon his heart, like what he then made upon the hearts of many hundreds more, perhaps as weakly and sickly as *he*, carried him through the enterprise with an unwearied *resolution;* which resolution was tried unto the utmost. For, whereas the voyage from *Gravesend* unto *Boston*, uses to be dispatched in about nine or ten weeks, the ships which came with Mr. *Rogers*, were fully *twenty-four weeks* in the voyage. After they had come two-thirds of their way, having reached the length of *New Foundland*, their *wants* were so multiplied, and their *winds* were so contrary, that they entered into a serious *debate*, about returning back to *England;* but upon their setting apart a day of solemn *fasting* and *prayer*, the weather cleared up; and in a little time, they arrived at their desired port, viz., about the middle of *November*, in the year 1636.

Mr. *Roger's* first invitation was to *Dorchester*; but the number of good men who came hither, desirous of a settlement under his ministry, could not be there accommodated; which caused him to accept rather of an invitation to *Ipswich;* where he was ordained *pastor* of the church, on *February* 20, 1638, (1639, N. S.) At his ordination, preaching on 2 Cor., 2, 16,—*who is sufficient for these things;* a sermon so copious, judicious, accurate, and elegant, that it struck the hearers with admiration. His colleague here was the celebrious *Norton,* (settled two years before.) If *Norton* were excellent, there are persons of good judgment, who think themselves bound in *justice* to say, that *Rogers* came not short of *Norton,* in his greatest excellencies.

While he lived in *Ipswich,* he went over the five last chapters of *Ephesians,* in his ministry; the twelfth to the *Hebrews,* the doctrine of *self-denial,* and *walking with God;* and the fifty-third chapter of *Isaiah,* to the great satisfaction of all his hearers, with many other subjects more occasionally handled. It was counted pity that the public should not enjoy some of his discourses, in all which, he was ε των εμσντων αλλα των ακριβσντων*

* Not of those who belch out their words, but who express them with the greatest accuracy.

But his physicians told him that if he went upon *transcribing* any of his composure, his disposition to *accuracy*, would so deeply engage him in it, as to endanger his life; wherefore, he left few monuments of his ministry, but in the *hearts* of his people, which were many. It belongs to his character that he *feared God above many*, and *walked with God* at a great rate of *holiness*, though such was his reservedness, that none but his intimate friends knew the *particulars* of his *walk*, yet such as were indeed intimate with him, could observe, that he was much in *fasting* and *prayer*, and *meditation*, and those duties wherein the *power* of *godliness* is most maintained; and as the *graces* of a christian, so the *gifts* of a minister, in him, were beyond the ordinary *attainments* of good men, yea, I shall do a wrong unto his name, if I do not freely say that he was one of the *greatest men* that ever set foot on the *American strand*.

He was much troubled with spitting of *blood*. He was also subject unto the *Flatus Hypochondriacus*, even from his *youth*, wherewith, when he was first surprised, he thought himself a *dying man*. While he was under the early discouragements of this distemper, the famous Mr. *Cotton*, thus wrote to him in a letter, dated *March* 9th, 1631. 'I bless the Lord with you, who sup-

porteth your *feeble body*, to do him service, and meanwhile perfecteth the power of his grace in your *weakness*. You know who said it, *unmortified strength posteth hard to hell. But sanctified weakness creepeth fast to heaven.* Let not your *spirit* faint, though your *body* do. Your *soul* is precious in God's sight; your *hairs are numbered*, and the number and measure of your *fainting fits*, and wearisome nights, are weighed and limited by his hand, who hath given to you his Lord Jesus Christ, to *take upon him your infirmities*, and *bear your sicknesses.*' Nor was it this distemper which at last ended his days, but it was a flood of *rheum*, occasioned partly by his disuse of *tobacco*,* whereto he had formerly accustomed himself, but now left it off, because he found himself in danger of being *enslaved* unto it, which he thought a thing below a *christian*, and much more a *minister*. He had often been seized with fits of sickness in the course of his life; and his *last* seemed no more threatning than the former, till the *last morning* of it. An epidemic sort of *cough* had arrested most of the families in the country, which proved most particularly fatal to

* It was doubtless a mistake of Mather, in supposing that the disuse of tobacco had anything to do with hastening his death. But even if it had, does Rogers now regret that he discontinued the use of that noxious weed before he left the world?

bodies, before laboring with *rheumatic* indispositions. *This* he felt; but in the whole time of his illness, he was full of *heavenly* discourse and counsel, to those who came to visit him. One of the last things he did, was to bless the three children of his only daughter, who had purchased his blessing by her singular dutifulness unto him. It is a notable passage in the *Talmuds*, that the inhabitants of Tsippor, expressing an extreme unwillingness to have the death of R. Judah, (whom they surnamed *The Holy*,) reported unto them, he that brought the report, thus expressed himself. *Holy men and angels took hold of the tables of the covenant, and the hand of the angels prevailed, so that they took away the tables.* And the people then perceived the meaning of this paraboliser to be, that holy men would fain have detained R. *Judah* still in this world, but the *angels* took him away. Reader, I am as loth to tell the death of *Rogers*, the *Holy*; and the inhabitants of Ipswich were as loth to hear it, but I must say the *hand of the angel prevailed* on July 3d, 1655, in the afternoon. When he had uttered those for his last words, *my times are in thy hands.* His age was 57."

Such was the character and labors of him on whose ministry our ancestors in this place attended, and with whom some of them had

come from England. If obedient to that gospel which he preached, they are now rejoicing with him among the redeemed in glory.

1656. This year is memorable for the building of Haffield's bridge. On the following year, "A road is laid out," says the record, "to Goodwife Haffield's bridge, through Mr. Roger's ox pasture." This is the present road from Haffield's bridge, to the corner of the first road which came round the head of Choate's brook. A road must have been opened at the same time on this side, over the hill to the bridge. Our fathers, in beginning their homes in a wilderness, had so much to do, and so little to do with, that they found it easier to go round the creeks than to make bridges over them. Yet as soon as their means allowed, they were ready to make improvements in roads and bridges, as well as in other things, pertaining to the conveniences and comforts of life.

Court House and Jail.

As early as 1636, a court was held in Ipswich once a quarter, for the trial of such offences as are not capital. This court answered to our modern court of Common Pleas. The Supreme Court did not begin to sit in this town till 1693. A jail was built here in 1652. It was then the

second in the colony. 1656, a House of Correction is in operation. It seems to have been connected with the jail. The inmates were required to work, as the Selectmen are directed to supply them with flax and hemp.

The trials in the courts, it may be presumed, were conducted, for the most part, in the same manner as they are at this day. The jurors were then, as now, taken from the different towns of the county, and were the supreme judges in every case between man and man, and between man and his majesty's province. The justices or judges upon the bench were to decide upon all points of law, but the jury upon matters of fact, involving questions of property, or of guilt or innocenee. This is the great bulwark of English liberty. All are equally free and safe, where all have the privilege of being tried by their peers. But let us go into one of the Ipswich courts, held in olden time. It is in the month of May, 1663. As we ascend the hill, the meeting house, a handsome edifice, is on our left, a neat but smaller building on our right, is the court house. A little north of the meeting house, we see the jail and house of correction, a dark, comfortless looking building, with its windows guarded by iron bars. Between the church and the prison, on the same level spot, stands

the whipping post, tall and stout, with its iron hook, to fasten and draw up the culprit, while the lash is applied to the naked back. And near the post, stands the stocks. The pillory was placed there only when occasion required. We enter the court room, while the church bell is sending forth its peculiar peals, which all understand to be an invitation to all concerned, to hasten to court. Standing in the crowd, just within, we hear the authoritative voice of the Sheriff. Make way for the Court! make way for the Court! and begin to fear, as we can move but little, that we shall be found guilty without an indictment. An opening is made, and his Honor, the Court, passes through, and takes his seat on an elevated bench, next to the wall. The counsellors at law sit before him in an enclosure, formed by a railing, called the bar. On the right and left of the gentlemen of the bar, are seated the jurymen. A stand or platform for the witnesses, is near the bar, and just without it, and facing the judge, is the box for criminals. As it is the first day of the court's sitting, Mr. Cobbet, one of the ministers of the town, offers an appropriate prayer. The voice of the sheriff is then heard in strong and measured accents, Oyes, Oyes, Oyes, all persons who have any thing to do before the Quarterly Court,

may now draw near, and give their attendance, and they shall be heard. God save the king.

A prisoner is now brought in, and placed in the criminal's box for trial, a woman from Newbury, charged with the crime of perjury. The jury for the trial of this case are empannelled, and sworn by the clerk. With uplifted hands they assent to the oath:

You solemnly swear, that you will well and truly try the issue between his majesty's province, and the prisoner at the bar, so help you God.

As you listen to the closing words, and ponder upon their meaning, you are satisfied that it is a solemn appeal to God for the truth of what is said, with a consent to be saved or destroyed by Him, according as you speak truly or falsely. This is the highest obligation which man can impose upon his fellow man, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. An oath for confirmation is an end of all strife. It is as far as man can go to terminate controversies.

The criminal at the bar, in a case in which she was a witness, had, under oath, testified falsely, and thus committed the crime of perjury. The clerk reads the indictment, which sets forth with great particularity, the crime with which she is charged. This particularity, in its abundance of words, in almost every va-

riety of form, seems to you tedious and unnecessary. But it is the result of much experience, and is, every word of it, necessary to secure both the rights of the prisoner, and of the community at large. After reading the indictment, the clerk addresses the prisoner, Leah Sapphira, (which we may suppose to be her name.) What say you to this indictment, are you guilty thereof, or not guilty? Not guilty, is the reply. He then turns to the jury. Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner pleads not guilty, and for trial, puts herself upon her country, which country you are. If she is guilty, you will say so, and if not guilty, you will say *so*, and no more. Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your evidence.

The attorney for the government opens the case by stating particularly what he intends to do, and to prove, and then proceeds to call his witnesses. They testify, under oath, what they know of the matter; all which goes to prove her guilt. They are cross examined by the prisoner's counsel, that he may draw something from them, if he can, which will go to refute their own testimony. He then brings forward his rebutting testimony; calls witnesses to prove the general goodness of her character, and to establish the truth of the facts, to which she testified in the case in which she is said to have committed perjury, and goes

on to show, by a labored argument, that the evidence against his client is altogether insufficient to prove her guilt, and appeals to the good feelings of the jury, to their love of humanity, and justice, and to their honest perception of the failure of the government to prove the guilt of his client, that thus he may persuade them to bring in a verdict which shall relieve her from this state of disgrace and distress. His majesty's counsel then addresses the jury: dwelling upon the facts in the case, and showing, as we may suppose, that she testified falsely in a point material to the issue of the case, by swearing to that, which, as all the witnesses were agreed, never took place, and could not, from the nature of things, have existed. Her testimony, therefore, was wilfully false and malicious.

The pleas on both sides, are able and eloquent. The jury listen attentively, but with a conservative countenance. The judge states the case, recapitulates the evidence for and against, and charges the jury that if they are satisfied that the evidence against her is full and conclusive, beyond all reasonable doubt, they must return a verdict of guilty. But if they have reasonable doubts in the case, they are bound to let the prisoner have the benefit of them, and bring in their verdict accordingly. The prisoner

hears this with a countenance marked with anxiety, and deep interest. The jury retire, but soon return to their seats. The clerk then says, Mr. Foreman, are you agreed in a verdict? We are agreed, is the response. What say your, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty? Guilty! says the foreman. Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your verdict. The jury, upon their oath, do say that the prisoner at the bar is guilty. So you say Mr. Foreman, so say you all, gentlemen of the jury? The jury bow assent.

The judge prefaces the sentence with a few pertinent remarks, on the heinousness of the crime of perjury, as striking a deadly blow at the very existence of society, by destroying all confidence in testimony, and as full of impiety and profaneness, tending to bring down upon the guilty head, the wrath and curse of the Almighty. As this, however, is her first offence, he imposes on her the lightest penalty of the law; which is, that she stand at the meeting house door, in the town of Newbury, next lecture day, from the ringing of the first bell, till the minister be ready to begin prayer, with a paper on her head, having on it, written in large capital letters, FOR TAKING A FALSE OATHE. She is taken to prison, to be held in

custody, till the sentence is executed. If you are disposed to think the penalty too light for the crime, you will remember that the culprit is a woman, perhaps of some standing and character, and the mortification must be extreme, to stand as if in a pillory, and be gazed at, for an hour, by all her neighbors and town's people, as a false, perjured woman.

Manufacturers.

Among the manufacturers in town, in the progress of this century, are mentioned, ropemakers, coopers, gunsmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, glovers, tailors, soapmakers, malsters, ship builders, tanners, curriers. No shoemakers are mentioned; probably, for the reason that the inhabitants made their own shoes, principally, if not wholly. At a much later period, a man of years remembers that there were travelling workmen, who cut and fitted shoes for families, and occasionally finished them.

The first saw mill erected in Ipswich, was on Chebacco river, 1656. The conditions of the grant were, that there be liberty for cutting timber, (on commoners' wood land,) provided none be cut within 3 1-2 miles of the meeting house, and the town have 1-15 of what is sawed, and no inhabitant be charged more than 4 per cent.

Nine years after, Jonathan Wade is allowed to have one on the same river.

1667. Thomas Burnham is permitted to erect one near the falls; but not so as to injure Mr. Wade's. Four years after, another is erected by William Story.

1682. Jonathan Wade is allowed to set up one at the falls.

1687. John, son of Thomas Burnham, removes his mill so as to be near George Story's. No saw mill is mentioned during this century, in any other part of the town: and no grist mill is erected here until 1693, when John Burnham, Jr. had leave to erect one at "the launching place." This was, doubtless, "the launching place" below the falls, to which the new road leads, as the remains of the dam are still to be seen there. Why it was that during this century all the sawing was done here, and all the grinding on Ipswich river, we have no means of learning. That the saw mills were on this river, might have been the reason why the first vessel, or fishing boat, was built here. Or, what is more probable, the building of vessels here, was the reason why so many saw mills were erected.

1668. Twelve years after the first saw mill was erected, the town grant "One acre of ground, near Mr. Cogswell's farm, to the inhabitants of

Ipswich, for a yard to build vessels, for the use of the inhabitants, and to employ workmen for that end."

This is pretty conclusive evidence, that our ancestors here had already begun to build vessels, as it seems altogether improbable, that a ship yard would have been granted by the town, if it had not been asked for, and equally improbable that it would have been petitioned for, if the building of vessels was wholly unknown here. This acre for a ship yard, was near the present bridge. Mr. Cogswell's farm came up to the main road, on the north side of Spring street; but on the south side only as far as the brook, back of the first burying ground, and to the creek, into which this brook runs. The ship yard, then, to be near Mr. Cogswell's farm, must have extended from some point near the mouth of this creek, south-westerly on the bank of the river, probably 20 rods, and eight rods back from the river. As it was then partly covered with timber, and bounded by marked trees, the bounds, through want of care, became obliterated.

First Chebacco Boat.

Tradition says, that the first Chebacco boat was built by a Burnham, in the garret of an ancient house, which stood where is now the

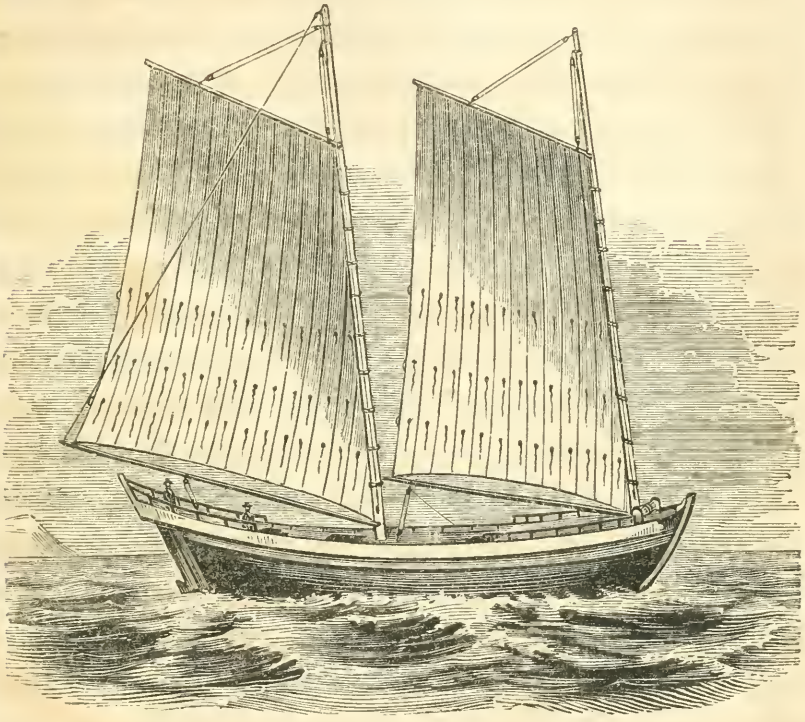
house of Daniel Mears, south-west corner of the old and new road to Manchester; and that the garret window had to be cut away before they could launch her. An aged man, Parker Burnham, says that when a child, about 1770, he distinctly remembers hearing his grandfather, then very aged, relate this fact to his father. This grand-parent was born about 1690. He had probably himself received the fact from parental or ancestral lips. Another part of the traditional account of this first boat, derived from another source, is, that the summer after she was built, a man and a boy, Burnhams, of course, as she was built by that name, went in her to Damaris Cove, about 120 miles, for a fare of fish. If we are disposed to doubt whether both of these facts can be true, we must wait till we better know the structure of the house, and the size of its garret, and of the boat, before we can safely set aside the tradition of the fathers. It is certain there *was* a first Chebacco boat built for fishing, and a *first* trip of this first boat. And we may as well take the ancient tradition concerning the matter, as any modern suppositions.

First Fishing Voyage.

As the season is pleasant, and the trip a novel one, we will accompany this enterprising skipper,

and his youthful companion, down the eastern shore, and see how they succeed in taking a fare of fish. It is early in June. The storms of spring have passed away, and summer's days begin to shed their balmy influence on land and water. As our new vessel is to sail very early in the morning, if the wind is fair, she is taken down the river, as far as the horse bridge, the night before. The morning comes, and the summer breeze is from the west. We must be at the bridge at early dawn, to go on board with the captain and his boy. The ship is small, and will carry but two or three tons. But as our spirits are light, we shall not much trouble her with our weight, so we may take our stand upon the forecastle, unperceived by either of the crew. Our vessel is of a peculiar shape, sharp at both ends, though not designed to sail either way, as a superficial observer might think. She is pink stern, and possesses a good rudder, the tiller of which is grasped by our skipper, as soon as all sails are set, and all hands on board, and she is loosed from her fastening. We are soon under way, with a stiff breeze, and rapidly pass the objects on shore, among which are here and there groups of half naked Indians, old and young, whose curiosity is excited at the sight of our boat, with her wide-spread canvass. The

islands appear in all their beauty, covered with verdure, and bearing lofty trees, except here and there the clearings made by the natives.



We cross the bar, and as we launch out into the bay, the sun is just lifting his broad and ruddy face out of the ocean, shedding his glorious beams over the vast expanse of waters, and tipping the hill tops, and summits of the woods, with his yellow rays. As we come upon the swelling sea, our little bark feels the heaving influence, and begins to roll and pitch, with

some degree of violence; yet she bears herself nobly, as she rides over the waves. Some little fear might trouble the minds of our skipper and his boy, as they are somewhat green in the business, did not the rolling of the boat produce some rolling and heaving of the stomach, which occupies their attention. But they hold on to their post of duty, sensible that life is depending on it. Our spirits, happily, though in sympathy with our sea-sick crew, and partaking of the rolling and pitching of the boat, yet are not affected with the sea malady, and have, therefore, nothing to do, but to look abroad, and enjoy the sublime scene before us;—the mountain waves of the dark rolling deep, the azure vault of heaven, in which the glorious sun, the king of day, is pursuing his wonted course. We adore the wisdom and power of Him who spreads out the heavens like a curtain, and holds the waters in the hollow of his hand. Here and there a sail is seen in the distance, seeming to rest upon the waters like a swan, laving its wings. The policy of our skipper is to keep near shore, so he puts the helm for New Hampshire's port. As we glide over the waves, we leave Plumb Island on our left, and soon the Isle of Shoals on our right, and at mid-day discover the village of Portsmouth, and see before

us blue Agamenticus. Our crew make but a slender repast at noon. The sight of food is almost enough, though their stomachs are becoming much calmer. This may be owing to the comparative calmness of the sea. The wind has died away. Our vessel rocks but little, and has, indeed, but little motion of any kind. This to sailors, is what the giving out of a horse upon the road is to the traveller. We lay becalmed for an hour or two, when suddenly the sky begins to be overcast with dark and threatening clouds, and peals of distant thunder are heard. A fresh breeze springs up from the north: this induces our skipper to run for Portland, to avoid the danger of a squall. The thunder is nearer and nearer, and the lightning more and more vivid. The wind rises; the ocean swells; our miniature vessel rocks violently; alternately she mounts and descends, yet riding securely the foaming waves. Tremulous and frail as she appears, she yet proves a safe as well as fast sailer, and might frighten a landsman to death, before she would sink him. We are soon inside of land, safely moored in Portland harbor. The storm is more and more violent. The rains descend in torrents; our crew shelter themselves in the cuddy. But we are not long held in this uncomfortable state. The clouds begin to break

and disperse; the sky becomes clear, almost as quickly as it gathered blackness. The sun, descending to the horizon with his broad disc, pours forth his rays with softer beauty, and paints upon the opposite vapor, a bow of variegated, enchanting colors, extending in a splendid arch across the sky, resting with either foot upon the ocean. We leave the harbor, and turn our course easterly, for our destined cove. Night closes in with its dark blue vault, studded with glistening stars, affording sufficient light for our pilot; especially the north star, ever staid and steady, on which he keeps an inquisitive eye. He is careful to keep far enough from land to avoid all breakers, and have good sea room. Before midnight, we are off the mouth of the Kennebeck, and soon pass the many coves between that and the Damariscotta. Our skipper seems well acquainted with the coast. He has probably been here before, in some vessel from Salem, or Boston, to fight the eastern Indians. He steers straight for Damaris Cove Island, and entering its snug little harbor, anchors for the night. This island is owned by a *Knight* of the east, who has cleared up a little farm at the head of the harbor, and is prepared with his flakes for drying his neighbor's fish, at the rate of 1-16 for curing.

We anticipate the approach of morning, and are on our way out of the harbor, for fishing, by the time the first streaks of light are breaking from the east. We are soon upon the ground, and busy with our lines. The fish are very plenty, and very hungry. We have a good haul, and our little boat is soon loaded, and on her way to the beautiful little harbor. The Knight of the island and our skipper, are soon acquainted. The fish are all dressed and salted, and laid upon the flakes to be dried; and we are on our way by noon for another load. As we come upon the ground, we find some down east boys, with their lines in the water. They look with an inquisitive eye upon our Chebacco sailer,—their expressive countenances seeming to say, "that is a queer sort of water animal." But we stay not for criticisms. Handsome is that handsome does. Our fish are soon again dancing upon the deck; and with a second load we make for the island.

After a few such days of toil and success, we are ready for a homeward voyage, with a cargo of excellent cod. Having rested for the night, we set sail in the morning with a long day before us. Our course is very zig-zag, as the wind is against us. With a heavy load, and head wind, and home in our eye, our patience is much

tried with our slow progress. But the east winds of spring are not all expended. By afternoon we have a fresh breeze, which puts us on with good speed. As night comes on, we are so well on our way, that we conclude to keep running till we make our own river. The day is wholly gone: but a beautiful night scene supplies its place. The moon looks down upon the placid waves, and,

"With more pleasing light, shadowy sets off the face of things."

As we look up, and gaze upon the multitude of stars that fill the heavens, we are ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him."

By the guiding hand of Providence, we safely reach our own bay, and entering the river, anchor for the night by Cross's Island. In the morning, by the help of the flowing tide, we reach the horse bridge, and are soon greeted by friends and neighbors. Some of the same lips, that with lengthened visage, and mournful accents, prophesied that we should never see home again, now greet us with the joyful words, "Well,

there! I thought so! I *knew* you would make out well."

The news of our arrival and success, spreads from house to house. Fishing boats and fish become the topics of the day. Several are determined to enter into the business, some talk of building at their doors six or seven tons, provided there is a prospect of drawing so large a vessel to the launching place. Some express a wish that the town would grant them a ship yard. Others think they shall not be able to do without one much longer, and one or two more saw mills beside.

Death and Burial of Mr. Cogswell.

John Cogswell, Sen., died Nov. 29th., 1669, aged about 72. We will go to the good man's burial. Many neighbors and acquaintances are assembled within, and about the house. He lies in his coffin, upon a table in the best room of the house, which he had erected with so much care, and in which he had enjoyed so much comfort and peace. There sits his weeping widow, and mourning children and grandchildren. You raise the lid of the coffin, and gaze upon the ghastly features of him, who, but shortly before was busy, active, and useful, having a leading part in all the affairs of the town. You

call to mind the sacrifices he made for his religion and his God, in coming from a home of plenty and elegance in the city of London, to this wilderness of savage beasts, and more savage men; exchanging the counting-room of the merchant for a log cabin, and a field of rough unbroken soil, to be subdued only by the labors of many a weary day. You look with admiration on the remains of such a sainted spirit, so justly venerated by his children, and all who knew him, and so heartily mourned for, by her who had shared his sufferings, and enjoyed his comforts. Both of his beloved pastors are present, Rev. Mr. Cobbet, and Rev. Mr. Hubbard, with other principal men of the church. The ministers and assembly sit in silent meditation. You may, perhaps, be expecting a sermon, or a long exhortation, from one or both of the ministers; but our pious fathers having suffered so much from their Episcopal brethren of the Church of England, were desirous of getting as far from them as they could, in all forms and ceremonies, and, therefore, would not preach at a funeral, nor have any services but a prayer. A few words only are now addressed by Mr. Hubbard to the mourning family, and then a solemn, and deeply affecting prayer is offered by Mr. Cobbet, the senior pastor. It is early in the

day, for the way to the sanctuary of the dead is long and tedious, not less than five miles. The centre of Ipswich was the place where our pious fathers went regularly to meeting on the Sabbath, and once a week to the Thursday lecture. In Ipswich, therefore, they must bury their dead, fast by the house of God; the way to which seemed shorter for being so often trodden.

The dead, too, must be borne all the way upon the shoulders of men; for no carriage was then to be had; and if one could have been procured, our ancestors would have thought the dead dishonored, by being drawn to the grave by a beast. But the time is come for the procession to set forth. The widow and children take a last lingering look at that dear countenance, which had so often cheered them by its smiles, now ghastly in death; and then he is borne out of his house to return no more. You look out of the window to see the procession formed. The men and the women do not walk together, such is the custom of the day; but the men go first, two and two, after the corpse, because the deceased is a male. If it had been a woman to be buried, women would have gone first. The male relatives walk first, and then the female mourners behind them, some of them mounted on horses because of the weary dis-

tance. Behind them, the male part of the neighbors, and citizens, and last of all, female acquaintances, riding often more than one upon the same beast. Six neighbors, of a similar age to the deceased, take hold of the pall, while younger men bear the corpse by turns, often relieving each other of the heavy burden, and by the side of the whole, is a file of some half dozen men, with their pikes and muskets, as a guard against their savage neighbors. In this silent and solitary manner, they bore the deceased to the old burying ground in Ipswich, where his ashes now slumber, with that of numerous others from this place, comprising all who died here the first half century, after the settlement began.

Indian Wars.

In 1675, began the war with Philip, an Indian chief, in Plymouth colony, who, for some time, had used measures to persuade the Indians in all parts of New England, to unite against the English. The eastern Indians also, about the same time, commenced hostilities, and butchered many individuals, and some whole families.

The Indians also, bordering upon the Merrimack river, feeling themselves injured, by the increase and spread of the English, once more

resumed the bloody tomahawk. They entered the villages of Chelmsford and Woburn, and put to death every inhabitant they contained, sparing not the infant at the breast. They attacked and killed several of the inhabitants of Haverhill and Bradford. Captives were carried away, some of whom had marvellous escapes, and returned again to their friends. On the Merrimack, near Concord, a young woman, sixteen years of age, was taken prisoner. She gave on her return, the following account: "On the morning when I was taken, the family in which I resided, having been told that a party of Indians had been seen the day before, set me to watch on a hill near the house, that I might alarm the family if I saw them coming. About noon, I saw them coming up the hill in great haste, and endeavored to evade them by running into a thicket. But, as they had observed me before on the hill, they found me, after a few moments search, and compelled me to go with them to their settlement, about 40 miles off. Having arrived there, they told me I must remain, and become their squaw, and dress and cook their victuals. I staid with them about three weeks, during which time, they made several expeditions against the English, and brought home with them a great number of

human scalps. On the night of the 6th of December, they returned with six horses, which they had stolen from the English. Having turned these into a small enclosure, they set out on a new expedition. After they were well away, I stole out, and caught, and mounted one of these horses, making use of a strip of bark for a bridle. I rode all that dreary night through a wild and pathless wood, and reached Concord at seven o'clock the next morning."

A boy, captured about the same time, escaped from the Indians, and though but ten years of age, travelled 60 miles through an uninhabited wood, living on acorns! Not only were the frontier towns in almost constant alarm, but all others partook in a greater or less degree of the panic. When their war parties came so near as Haverhill and Salisbury, killing the defenceless women and children, and burning their houses, our ancestors in this place could not but partake of the general anxiety. Several, on different occasions, were called into the army, and went in pursuit of the savages far from their homes. John Cogswell, son of John who had taken the lease of the School Farm, was taken prisoner by the Indians, some time in October, 1676, during an expedition to the eastward. Some years after, a man by the name of Dicks, of this place, was killed near Casco.

Mode of Living.

We will spend a day at Wm. Goodhue's, whose house stood near the present dwelling of Wm. Marshall, Jr., in the north district. Without ceremony, we will call at an early hour. As welcome guests, we are invited to sit down with the family to breakfast, on a plentiful dish of bean porridge. Each has a pewter basin and spoon before him, which is filled to the brim, from the large iron kettle standing upon the hearth. Some Indian hoe cake is added to the repast. Having breakfasted, thanks are given, and mercies supplicated, in prayer to Him, who is the source of all good. While the hired men repair to the field for making hay, the father tarries a while, and gathers the children around him for reading and spelling. A portion of an hour, spent in this way, after each repast, is all the schooling the times will allow. The women, having set the house in order, proceed to their daily employment. One repairs to the loom in the chamber, and begins the wholesome task of throwing the shuttle, which vies with time in its swiftness. Another arranges the spinning wheel, and commences that music, which, if it does not delight the ear, will clothe and warm the body. The younger ones are busily employed in knitting.

By and by, the men and boys come in from the field for their luncheon of bread and cheese. The large pewter mug is set on, full of malt beer, out of which, they all drink in turn. "I wish," says one of the hired men, "we could have a little strong water. I was up at Goodman White's the other day, and he gave all hands a little, which put us in fine spirits, and spurred us on mightily in our work, while it lasted: and if we could have had a little now and then, it seems to me, we should have done double the work." "But an order," says Mr. Goodhue, "has come from our great, and General Court, forbidding us to give wine or liquors to our workmen, because it gets them into an evil practice, and trains up the young, by degrees, to habits of excess. You feel better on strong water for a while, and so much worse after that to make up for it. And then you want more and more, the longer you take it, till you get to be a drunkard; or, at least, you are always in danger of this. The only safe way, is never to drink any." "But the law," replies the workman, "forbids it, except when it is necessary. Now, I think, if it is ever necessary, it is in the winter, on very cold days, and in the summer, when mowing, on very hot mornings." "But the law," replies Mr. G., "means, by its being

necessary, when people are not very well." "Then I ought to have some," says another, "for my stomach is mighty weak." "And I, too," says another, "for at times I feel weak all over." "At this rate," says Mr. G., "you will make it out that it is necessary all the time, and then what is the law good for?" But they must hasten to the field, and make hay while the sun shines.

At length, the hour for dinner has come; for the sun lies in square at the window. Anna has been watching the mark for 12, and hastened her dinner, so as to be in season. She blows the horn at the door, and all in the field, and in the house, hear the welcome sound, and hasten to the social board. The dinner is of soup, or the liquor in which salt meat or pork has been boiled, thickened with meal, together with some vegetables. The dish and the plates are of pewter. The drink, of malt beer. This is their daily fare. After dining, the children again read and spell. The labors of the day are then resumed. "Come, girls, says the mother, you know the law requires that we spin three pounds of flax, three of wool, and three of cotton every month, or pay our fine. But the worst fine would be, the shame of not doing so well as our neighbors. Our class-leader, Goodwife Brad-

street will be here this afternoon, to do her duty, and see how we get along. Let us make the wheels go with a good loud hum, and reel off all we can.

The day now begins to decline, and as night draws on, the cows are brought up for milking. A good supper of hasty pudding and milk follows. In the evening, as the workmen rest themselves a little before bed time, the conversation turns on the use of tobacco. "It seems to me," says a young man, who was getting on the wrong side of thirty, without any signs of establishing himself in a family state, "that a few whiffs from a good pipe, does much to rest one after a hard day's work. I learned to smoke in England, and could never see any harm in it. I don't understand why your law is so severe against it, that I must wholly leave smoking, or be liable to a fine of 10s. every time I buy any tobacco. Some, I find, do get round the law by raising it in their gardens. But this does not help a stranger. It seems to me that some of you are as much afraid of tobacco as of rum." "We are so, indeed," says Mr. G., "for we have marked, that, too commonly, those who like the one, like the other. And here let me remind you of the law among us, that requires every single man to put himself under the supervision and con-

trol of some head of a family, as it seems to me you are in great danger of its pains and penalties."

But it is time for us, reader, to retire. And in leaving this worthy family, we must not think that we have been treated impolitely, because they kept the wheels, and the loom, the scythe and the rake, going so fast, that we had but little time to talk with them; or because they did not give us coffee or tea, or nice cake, for these things were never heard of till more than a hundred years after.

Formation of the Second Parish in Ipswich.

In the year 1676, the people of this place began to talk in earnest of seceding from the parish in the centre of the town, and of becoming a parish by themselves. They had now, for more than forty years, travelled over difficult roads, four or five, and some of them six or seven miles, to their place of worship. The fathers and mothers who had fled from persecution in England, and knew by contrast the value of freedom of conscience, thought but little of the tediousness of the way to the house of God; especially as they were sensible that they could not sustain the institutions of the Gospel any nearer to their homes. But their children, less sensible of the value of religious privileges, were

less inclined to make so great a sacrifice to enjoy them. The consequence was, a growing disposition to tarry at home on the Sabbath. It was this, perhaps, chiefly, which stirred up the more considerate and religious among them, to take measures for the establishment of the Gospel ministry in this place; which they were now sufficiently numerous and able to sustain. Accordingly, in February, 1677, they held a meeting for consultation on this subject, at the house of William Cogswell, which stood a little north of the dwelling now occupied by Albert and Jonathan Cogswell, on the same side of the way. The record of this meeting, is the beginning of our first parish record, which contains several interesting documents and entries, of the proceedings of our fathers, in relation to their separation from the first church and parish in town. Their mode of writing and spelling, and use of capitals, differed from ours. For our own convenience, the extracts we may make from this record, will be chiefly in the modern style. One or two of the shorter ones, will be given in the ancient style as a specimen.

The date of the first meeting is in the record, February, 1676. But the year at that time, did not begin till the 25th of March, and so continued, till altered by an act of Parliament, in

1752, when the year was ordered to begin January 1st, and eleven days were added to it, so as to make February 3d., (for example,) February 14th. The date, then, of February, 1676, was, in our style, February, 1677. To prevent confusion in regard to the years, we shall place the new style under the old, where a difference occurs; thus, February $167\frac{6}{7}$.

"At this meeting," says the record, "the inhabitants of Chebacco, considering the great straits they were in, for want of the means of grace among themselves, unanemously agreeing, and drawing up a petetion and presented it to the towne of Ipswich, at a publick towne meeting, which was to desire of the towne that they might have liberty to call a minester to preach among themselves: but the towne would not grant it, neither did they seeme to refuse it, but would not vote concerning it."

In conversation with some of the leading men of the town, the people here were given to understand, that they had no objection to their having preaching among them, especially if they continued to support the ministry in Ipswich. But still as a town, they would not vote for, or against the prayer of the petitioners. This made it necessary for them to carry their petition to the General Court. The Court refused to grant

the petition, but recommended them to make further application to the town, and the town to give their answer at the next session of the Court. This the town did, and the result was that the Court judged not meet to grant the petition at present, but recommended to the town "as soon as may be, to contrive the accommodation of the petitioners in the matter petitioned for." This was October, 1677.

The next town meeting was held, as the Record says, February 19, 1677; new style, March 2, 1678; at which the town voted that the Selectmen confer with the Chebacco neighbors, about what they petitioned, and report at the next town meeting. The inhabitants here chose William Cogswell, John Andrews, Thomas Low, and William Goodhue, a committee to confer with the Selectmen. Several conferences were held, but without any decisive result. At length, when they requested of the Selectmen leave to call Mr. Jeremiah Shepard to preach among them, a part of the Selectmen assented, and the rest made no objection. The call was extended to Mr. Shepard, January 19, $167\frac{8}{9}$, who came, and preached in a private house. Finding that no private house was sufficiently large to accommodate the people, "They agreed to build a plain house, and, if they could obtain leave of the town or Court, to put it to the use of a meeting

house: if not, to some other use." But before this was done, Mr. Shepard gave notice after the religious services of the Sabbath, that he had received a letter from an honorable brother in Ipswich, saying that the church there was dissatisfied with the proceedings of the brethren here, and therefore he should desist from preaching. Upon this, the people here again petitioned the town, but without effect. This petition is dated February 4, $167\frac{8}{9}$.

On the 15th of the next March, the Selectmen, in behalf of the town, sent to the General Court a petition and address, in which they make many heavy charges against the people of Chebacco. The charges are contained in the following reply, which, as it was addressed to the Honored Court, who had the Ipswich document before them, and in the issue were favorably inclined toward the people here, we may believe contained a true statement of the charges, and a proper and sufficient reply to them.

"*A declaration and vindication of the transactions of the inhabitants of Chebacco, in the precincts of Ipswich, in reference to their late proceedings in obtaining the ministry of the gospel among them. May* 28, 1679.

This Honored Court may please to remind that the inhabitants of Chebacco have once and

again applied ourselves to your Honors, that we might be eased of our long and tiresome Sabbath day's journeys to the place of public worship in our town, humbly hoping that your Honors would so far sympathize with us, and favor our shattered condition as to grant us relief, and we cannot but gratefully acknowledge your fatherly care, especially in our last application of ourselves to this Honored Court, in seriously recommending our case to the town of Ipswich: that our friends and neighbors there might relieve your humble supplicants in the matter petitioned for, that so we might obtain the ministry of the word amongst ourselves, which is our hearts desire; but contrary to the direction of this honored Court, and cross to our expectations, our friends and neighbors in the town were regardless of our suffering condition: whereupon, after due waiting, and due deliberation, we did apply ourselves to the town, February 19, 1677, to be informed whether or no, they would accommodate us according to the direction of this Honored Court; our necessity, also, calling for relief, the town did take so far cognizance of our demand, as to refer our case to the Selectmen, to consider with us what might be best for our accommodation; whereupon, we had a treaty with the Selectmen: but the Select-

men turned us going, with dilatory answers, which were:

1. They alleged that those farmers towards Wenham, were they that were meant by the General Court that they should be accommodated with us: we replied, that could not be, because the return from the General Court was that we should be accommodated amongst ourselves in the matter petitioned for, which was a meeting house amongst ourselves, and we did not care how many neighbors joined with us, provided that we might have the means of grace amongst ourselves.

2. They alleged that the war was not yet past, and God's judgments were yet hanging over us, and the town was at great charge;—to which we replied, that when we sought to have the means amongst ourselves, we looked at it as our duty, and therefore, when the judgments of God were amongst us, that it was rather an argument to stir us up to our duty than to lie under the omission of it: neither would we put the town to charge, either to erect our meeting house, or maintain our minister.

3. They alleged we belonged to the town, and therefore, were obliged to help the town to bear the charges, and they could not spare our money; to which we replied, that they alleged at the

General Court, that we payed but 17 or 18 pounds to the ministers of Ipswich, and there were three ministers to whom the town payed 200 pounds per annum, and if the town would supply us with one of them, we would pay one of them 50 pounds towards his maintenance yearly. Then they replied, that could not be, and that our want was only in the winter, and if we could get a minister to preach to us in the winter, they would free us from paying to the ministers in the town, in the winter season, and we should come to the public worship in the town in the summer, and pay there.

This last proposition was the most rational and candid that we have yet obtained: which hath been a grand encouragement in calling a minister to accommodate us this last winter season; though we are now considered heinous transgressors in so doing.

4. They alleged, that the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, their teacher, was gone to England, and they desired us to wait till he came home again: we answered, the direction from the General Court came a considerable time before the Rev. Mr. Hubbard took his voyage to England; yet if they would engage to supply us as soon as the Rev. Mr. Hubbard came from England, we were willing patiently to wait: which we have done;

but as yet feel no relief. Thus having applied ourselves to the Honored General Court, who seriously recommended our case to the town of Ipswich, and they referring the agitation of our case to the selectmen, and they making a proposition to us to provide a minister for the winter, and the extremity of the winter season putting us upon great inconveniences, in regard of our attending public worship in the town, whereupon we were put upon a kind of necessity to seek for relief, if possibly we could obtain the means amongst ourselves; and, accordingly, we applied ourselves to Mr. Shepard to help us in our present exigency, till the winter season was over, engaging to pay our wonted dues to the town as formerly, as also to recompense Mr. Shepard for his labors. We applied ourselves to him January 1, 1678. Mr. Shepard taking our motion into consideration, and after some space of time we desiring his answer, he told us he was willing to see his way clear, and therefore desired us to consult with those that were betrusted with the affairs of the town, that he might understand how they approved of our proceedings: whereupon, some of the principal of our inhabitants, who had the betrustment of this affair, obtained a meeting of the Selectmen, January 9, 1678: they desired liberty to call a minister to

preach with us at Chebacco, and having permission from the Selectmen, none of them contradicting our motion, they again applied themselves to Mr. Shepard, importuning him to help us, according to our former request: we obtained his labors, and were willing to encourage ourselves that we should still enjoy him; comforting ourselves in this, that we hoped we should obtain both the pity and favor of this Honored General Court, and accordingly we put ourselves in a posture for the entertaining the gospel, and were willing to lay aside our self interests, that we might build a house for the worship of God, which we were the more vigorous in, by reason that we had experienced much in a little time of the sweetness and good of that privilege in enjoying the means amongst ourselves, whereby the generality of our inhabitants could comfortably attend the public worship of God; of which some hundreds do not, nor, with convenience, can attend the public worship at town; and of so considerable a number of the inhabitants as are amongst us, scarce fifty persons the year throughout, do attend the public worship of God on the Sabbath days. The house that we have been busied about, for the place of public worship, was ever intended for such an end, always with this provisal, that this Honored

Court do authorize the same, or countenance our proceedings therein: if not, we shall ever own ourselves loyal subjects to authority; and therefore the same is erected upon a propriety, that if this Honored Court see not meet to favor our proceedings, we may turn our labors to our best advantage. This Honored Court may further be informed that after we had enjoyed the benefit of Mr. Shepard's labors for some considerable time, a man of principal worth in the town, sent a letter to him, which signified that offence was taken at our proceedings, which letter has date, February 19, 1678, which Mr. Shepard gave us information of, the Sabbath day following, and ever since hath desisted preaching amongst us,—and information was given thereof to our Reverend Elders at town; yet, notwithstanding, a complaint was exhibited against us at the Honored Court of Assistants, March 4, 1678, which signified that Mr. Shepard still continued preaching, and we prosecuting our desires, resolving to enforce our demands: whereas, Mr. Shepard had for a considerable time before desisted preaching, and we resolving to quiet ourselves with the determination of this Honored Court in reference to our proceedings: and whereas we are complained of to the Honored Court of Assistants, as per-

sons of more unpeaceable spirits than those that reside in the other Hamlet, wherein, as is asserted, are persons of worth, &c., which yet are so ingenuous as to be quiet hitherto, and not to seek a rending of themselves from the body:— to which we might reply, that the worthiness of our neighbors in the other hamlet, should not cause us to derogate from the worth of our poor souls, nor prevent us from laboring after the ordinary means of salvation: and whereas their ingenuousness is applauded for not seeking a rending of themselves from the body, we hope our ingenuousness may merit a recommendation of the like nature, who do abhor a rending away either from the church or town of Ipswich, as the town will be sensible of by our rational and fair propositions: and whereas it is asserted in the complaint that we have acted contrary to our agreement with, and engagement to the town, April 11, 1678, we reply that we are utterly ignorant of any engagement, and therefore admire that our neighbors should render us so scandalous in the face of the country: but we hope we may with all good conscience plead our innocency in this and all other reflections that are cast upon us. These things we desire to leave with this Honored Court, as a declaration of our cause, and a vindication of our innocency,

and are ready farther to inform this Honored Court in what they may please to demand, or in what may be alleged against our proceedings."

The Court, or rather the Council, notwithstanding this able and unanswerable vindication, decided that Chebacco should desist from all further proceedings in this matter, and sent to our fathers an order to this effect.

But before they received this order, "The sills of the meeting house were laid in Mr. William Cogswell's land, and the timber in place ready to raise."

Raising the First Meeting House.

"While we were in this great conflict, that all things seemed to act against us, some women, without the knowledge of their husbands, and with the advice of some men, went to other towns, and got help, and raised the house, that we intended for a meeting house, if we could get liberty." Rec. 18. This was in the Spring of 1679.

This bold and decisive act of the good women, though without the knowledge of their husbands, yet we may be sure was not done without much previous whispering and privacy among themselves. We may suppose they had a social visit at Mrs. Varney's, just opposite the corner,

the site of the intended meeting house, on the afternoon of the day before the raising, to talk over matters, and see what they could do to help their husbands out of this trouble. It was only a neighborly visit, though some of them were from distant parts of the town.

If you had stood that afternoon at what is now the corner of Col. J. P. Choate's lane, you would have seen them coming upon their saddles and blankets from over the river, across the horse bridge, and from the Falls, and from the North End, wrapped in their riding hoods, to protect them from the chilling blasts of Spring, and with countenances betokening important business in hand. As they reach the corner, they cast an inquisitive eye upon the timber, lying in exact order upon the ground in Mr. Cogswell's field, and seeming to invite some skillful, if not fair hands, to raise them up and give them union, beauty, and strength. The ladies, with an expressive eye, seem to respond, "We'll see about it. We go for union and annexation." They are soon dismounted at Mrs. Varney's door, and housed in her best room. It is an important meeting, and well attended, though got up without any public notice. Let not the men any longer say that women cannot keep a secret, for the whole is planned, and will be executed

without the knowledge of their husbands. Let not the men any longer think that they can build a church, or fit it up, without the knowledge and concurrence of the women. As men are not invited to this social gathering, we cannot, of course, be present, and have no means of knowing what discussions were had, or what votes were passed. But we *guess* that all the various difficulties and objections in the way of their arduous enterprise, were freely talked over, and that, when one spoke of the danger of offending the Great and General Court, another bright mind and sparkling eye, suggested that the Court had not said a word about the *women*, and only forbid the *men* doing any thing further in this matter. Another eloquent tongue remarked, that the order sent by the Court, mentioned only *Chebacco* men. They had good friends in Gloucester and Manchester, who could come and raise the house without any danger. We guess that Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Goodhue, and Mrs. Varney, were appointed, or mentioned, or volunteered, to be a board of managers to go,—one to Gloucester precinct, the other two to Manchester, to *raise* men, and bring them on to the ground the next day. For, early the next morning, Mrs. Varney, mounted on the old family horse, with Mrs. Goodhue behind, and

their hired man Chub, on another horse, to protect them, and Abraham Martin and his wife on another, were seen riding together, over the horse bridge, and returning before noon, with parties of men from Manchester, and the precint, and conducting them to the timber in the corner of Mr. Cogswell's field. Nothing is said by the Chebacco folks: but with great alacrity and cheer, their neighbors go to work, and join timber to timber, and fasten joint to joint, and soon a whole broadside is seen going up; and by and by another; and no stop, no stay, till the ridge pole is in its place, and then three hearty cheers indicate that the work is done. Many women upon horses had arrived before the close, with well filled sacks pending from their saddles, the contents of which they deposit at Mrs. Varney's. Their kind neighbors from abroad are invited to the supper, without any other entrance fee than the good frame they have been in. The tables are spread with a suitable variety; among which there is a plenty of good *tongue.*

Chebacco *men* are scarce that day, so the good neighbors have to be thanked for their labor of love by the ladies alone.

On the next Tuesday, the constable came down from Ipswich, with the following warrant from "our Honored Major General:"

"*To the Constable of Ipswich:*—You are hereby required to attach the body of Abraham Martin, and John Chub, and bring them before me on Tuesday next, about one of the clock, to answer for their contempt of authority in helping to raise a meeting house at Chebacco. You are also, at the same time to bring with you the wife of William Goodhue, the wife of Thomas Varney, and the wife of Abraham Martin, for procuring, or abetting and encouraging the raising the said house: and so make return hereof under your hand."

They were accordingly tried in Ipswich, and found guilty, and bound over to the next court in Salem. But the General Court, having cognizance of the case, at their session, May 28, 1679, ordered, that they appear at Salem Court, and make their acknowledgment in these words, viz.: "That they are convinced that they have ofended in soe doeing, for which they are sorry, and pray it may be forgiven them, and soe to be dismissed without any farther trouble, charge, or attendance, in that respect, or farther attendance on the councell for that theire offence. Attests, Edward Rawson, Secretary."

This Court also chose a committee, consisting of Joseph Dudley, Richard Waldron, Anthony Stoddard, William Jonson, and Henry Bartholo-

mew, for the settlement of the business of Chebacco, touching the place of public worship amongst them, and the settlement of a minister. This committee sat here the 23d of July, 1672, and heard the statement of a delegation from Ipswich, that the town and the church were satisfied with the acknowledgment made by those active in raising the meeting house, and heard also the reasons presented by them for removing Chebacco meeting house nearer the centre of Ipswich, to accommodate the people at the farms. But the committee, in their decision, say, that though a removal of the house farther toward Ipswich, might accommodate some more of the inhabitants, and farmers of said town, yet as the people here are competent to support a minister by themselves, and the proposed removal of the house would greatly discommode those living at the head, and over the river of Chebacco; therefore, the place where the house now standeth, be, and is, hereby allowed by us; and they have liberty to proceed to the finishing of said meeting house.

The committee further say :—

"Respecting the settlement of an able, pious, and orthodox minister among them, for the due management of the worship of God, we find, by a paper presented to us, that they greatly de-

sire the settlement of Mr. Shepard, as their minister, but as he hath not professed his subjection to the order of the gospel amongst us, in joining to any particular Congregational Church, we see not reason at present to advise Mr. Shepard's preaching or settlement amongst them."

We see here a continuance of the same fear which manifested itself in the first settlement of the colony, that Episcopacy, or some other church power, should gain the ascendency, and triumph over civil freedom. As Congregationalism was purely democratic, it excited no fears, and was ardently cherished. The committee farther advised the people here, seriously to consider, with invocation of God's name, of some meet person, learned, able and pious, to manage the public worship of God amongst them, and to report to them between that and the day before the meeting of General Court, in October next. At that time, a delegation from this place, appeared before the committee, and stated, that for want of time, or some other considerations, Mr. Shepard had not complied with their advice; but that their desires were still towards him. Upon which, the committee appointed the 2d Tuesday in April, 1680, for a further hearing of this matter. At that meeting, the delegation of this place presented to the above committee,

Mr. John Wise, as one in whom they were unanimously agreed to be their pastor, and who was approved and accepted by the committee.

Mr. Shepard, doubtless, left Chebacco, July, 1679, according to the advice of the committee; otherwise the people here would have become offenders by employing him, and would have been summoned to court as such. Mr. Shepard was the son of Rev. Thomas Shepard, of Cambridge. He was graduated at Harvard College, 1669. After leaving this place, he was settled in Lynn, and continued in the ministry there 41 years, being eminent in his profession.

After leave obtained of the Court, our ancestors doubtless proceeded to finish the meeting house, in part, at least, that same summer and autumn. As the site of this first house of worship is a matter of doubt with some, we give the following facts, which show that it must have been the lot of land now covered by the house and barn of Capt. Joseph Choate.

The people here petitioned the town, February, 1679, for leave to set this house on the common land, by Thomas Varney's, which was opposite to where Capt. Choate's house now is. This being refused, the sills were laid, says the record, on said William Cogswell's land, and the timber in place ready to raise. Page 12.

At a parish meeting, August, 1693, it was voted that the two short seats in the meeting house be given to William Cogswell and his heirs, on condition that he, or they, give to the parish a legal assurance of land under said house and ajoining. Mr. Cogswell's land extended from the head of the lane, which is now Spring Street, to the head of the lane leading by Col. Choate's house, then the road to Gloucester.

The north-western corner of his field, (now Capt. Joseph Choate's house lot,) was near to that lot on the common, or parsonage, which our fathers selected, but which the town would not grant. It was the most central, as the corner where three roads met. The deed of Capt. Choate's house lot, recognizes the fact of its having been owned by Adam Cogswell, a son of William, and gives the dimensions 13 rods by 3, which were suitable for a meeting house lot.

The record says that the site of that first meeting house was four and a half miles from Ipswich meeting house, which is precisely the distance of Capt. Choate's house, to Ipswich north church.

When the author came here, forty years ago, there were several aged people living, whose fathers and mothers had worshipped in the first house, (as late as 1719,) and whose testimony

was, that it stood on the site of Capt. Choate's house, which in their younger days was called Meeting House Hill.

The second house, built in 1719, was 52 feet by 42. From which we may conclude, that the first house was somewhere about 42 by 36. It faced the west, as we learn from the record; had two doors in front, with wooden latches, and "good and sufficient strings" for lifting the latches. There were galleries on three sides of the house: the pulpit stood on the eastern side, opposite to the doors, with a solid and elevated sounding board, over the head of the preacher, and a handsome cushion for the Bible. Only two or three pews were built at first; the rest of the floor of the house was covered by long and short seats: the same in the galleries. A turret was built on the centre of the house, "after the fashion, and in the proportions of the turret in Andover." In this turret a bell was hung.

The salary of the sexton, for ringing the bell, and sweeping the house, and setting the bason with water, for baptizing, was 20s., and freedom from parish taxes.

The committee of the parish were styled, the Selectmen of Chebacco. Their stated business was to assess the tax for the support of the min-

ister, and for defraying other parish expenses. Occasionally, they were instructed to see that the pulpit cushion was repaired, that the broken glass in the windows was mended, and the strings of the doors kept in order, that they might be easily shut and opened.

After the house was so far finished as to be convenient for public worship, a committee was chosen to dignify the seats; with instructions to begin at the centre seats, as first in dignity, and account the others more or less honorable, as they approached to, or receded from, the centre.

Annually, a committee was chosen to seat the people in the more or less honorable seats, according to the amount of taxes which they paid, or the offices which they filled. If the reader is surprised at these aristocratic notions in our ancestors, they may find some apology for them in the fact that they came from a land of aristocracy; or perhaps a better apology in the fact that something of the same custom prevails at this day; with this difference only, that people now choose for themselves more or less costly seats, as best suits their own notions, and thus dignify their own seats. In our fathers' days, the being set lower than others by the committee, because they did not pay so much as their neighbors, never sat easy upon them, and there

were not unfrequent rebellions against the lawful authorities on this account, though the practice continued for many years.

The parish vote that the Selectmen cause posts to be set round the house, that Mr. Cogswell's fence may not be damnified by the tying of horses. Several flat rocks with steps, were, according to the custom of the day, placed in convenient position for mounting the horses.

Dedication of the House.

Every thing in and about the house being thus arranged, and Mr. Wise, whom they had chosen to settle with them, having arrived, April, 1680, measures are taken for the dedication of the house to the service of God. It is on Wednesday, the day usually selected for ordinations and dedications. The occasion, as a matter of course, excites much interest among the people here, who begin early in the day to prepare for attendance. Their neighbors in Manchester and Gloucester West Parish, who raised the house, we may well suppose, were there, with many of their friends with them.

We will go to the North End, and attend the dedication. As you approach the house, you see many collected, and many others coming, some on foot, and some on horse back. The posts are

all occupied with horses, and Mr. Cogswell is so exhilirated with the day, that he will not complain if his fence suffers a little by the many that are fastened thereto.

Standing opposite to the house, you look up and see a plain two story building, with a double row of diamond glass windows, and a turret on the middle of the ridge pole. The sharp sound of the bell tells you that the hour of service is near at hand; you walk up to one of the doors, and enter by pulling the string which hangs

gracefully down. A side aisle is before you, and you are shown to the strangers seats. Before the service begins, you notice the appearance of the inside of the church; above, all is open to the roof; the beams and rafters are of solid white oak. The boarding of the roof is new, and not yet occupied with the spiders' webs and swallows' nests. The walls above the galleries are not yet plastered. You look for the singers' seats, but such a thing is not even imagined. All that can sing in the house, are "the singers." The pulpit is plain, but lofty, with a spacious window behind, and a massive sounding board above, to prevent the voice of the speaker from ascending to the ridge pole. In front of the pulpit is a high seat, or pew, for the deacons, and a pew by the side of the pulpit for the minister's family. The deacons' seat is empty, as the church is not yet organized. One suitable to fill the office of deacon, is chosen by the parish, to read the psalm or hymn, and pitch the tune. As you glance at the audience, you see the women by themselves on the short seats, on both ends of the house. They are covered with thin hoods and short cloaks. The gentlemen on the long seats in the middle of the house are clad in homespun coats and deerskin small clothes, blue or grey stockings, with

shoes and broad buckles. The whole presents to you a very ancient appearance, as yours will to posterity, 200 years hence. But soon the minister enters and ascends the pulpit. Mr. Wise is a tall, stout man, majestic in appearance, of great muscular strength; his voice is deep and strong; his sermon is adapted to the occasion; and by appropriate, fervent prayer, he consecrates the house to God. The singing is apparently by the whole assembly, which, though not of the most refined kind, is hearty and strong; books are scarce in that day, so the psalm is read for singing, one line at a time. After the benediction the numerous audience, interested, and, perhaps, edified by the services, retire from the sanctuary; when all the friends from abroad are cordially invited by the people here, to go with them to their homes to partake of the rich repast, which had been previously made ready.

The people of this Parish while they supported their own Minister, continued to pay their accustomed rates for the support of the two Ministers in Ipswich, till February 1681.

In Oct. 1680, they petitioned the Court to be set free from paying ministerial taxes in Ipswich.

In answer to this the Court say: "We judge it meet that all the people, inhabitants of Ipswich shall continue their several proportions to the

maintenance of the ministry there, unless those of Chebacco be discharged, from payment to the ministry of Ipswich, and left to maintain their own minister."

A True Copy,
Attest, Edward Rawson, Sec.

At a town meeting held the 15th of the following February, the town accepted this latter part of the Court's order, and discharged Chebacco from any farther taxes to support their ministers.

At this meeting they also defined the boundary line between Ipswich, and Chebacco, or between the first and second Parishes of Ipswich, viz: from the head of Choate's brook to run down to Castle Neck river, as the creek runs into the river and so to the sea; also from the head of said brook to Marbles', thence including Knight's farm, and to run on a straight line from the southerly corner of said Knight's farm, to the double U. tree on Wenham line, and so on the south east upon the neighboring towns to the sea.

This the Court afterwards so far altered, as to have Knight's farm belong to the Hamlet. The present bounds do not touch Wenham. At this same meeting, February 15, 1680, they granted one acre of ground to Chebacco for a grave yard.

Mr. Wise continues to supply the pulpit statedly, for more than three years, before he is or-

dained their pastor. The reason for this delay is not stated. Probably the church in Ipswich was slow in being reconciled to the thought of parting with so many of its members. The members of that church residing here sent in a request, dated Sept. 6, 1681, to be dismissed for the purpose of being organized into a church in this place. How soon this request was granted, does not appear; but the church was not organized here till about two years after; and of course those making the request still remained members of Ipswich church during that time.

In Feb. 1682, the parish extended a formal call to Mr. Wise to settle with them as their pastor.

Again in May following they chose a Committee to treat with him about a settlement.

They offer him for his support 10 acres of land, which they had bought for this purpose of Richard Lee, to be is own and his heirs and assigns forever. This was called his settlement; his annual salary was to be £60, or $200, $\frac{1}{3}$ in money, and $\frac{2}{3}$ in grain, at the current price, 40 cords of oak wood by the year yearly, and 8 loads of salt hay. In addition to this they agree to build, and keep in repair, for his use, a parsonage house and barn; the house to be equal in every respect to Samuel Giddings' house; which seems

to have been a model house in that day. He was also to have the use of the parsonage lands and the strangers' contributions.

This was a generous support. Comparing the value of money and grain, and the common style of living in that day, with the present, we may safely say that it would require at least $800 per annum to support a minister as well at this day. The parsonage house stood on the parsonage land, now owned by Josiah Low, at the north end of that enclosure. The remains of the cellar are still to be seen.

The ten acres given him for his settlement were in the rear of the house now owned by John Mears, senior.

Organization of the Church and Ordination of Mr. Wise.

Mr. Wise, the pastor elect, was born at Roxbury, and educated at Harvard College. He was 21 years old when he left College. As he did not commence preaching here till he was 28, he doubtless spent much, if not all, of the intervening time, in preparing for the Ministry, and in supplying vacant pulpits. On the day of his ordination, Aug. 12, 1683, he was a little more than 31 years of age, being born July 1652. The Church was organized on the same day of his

ordination, and by the same Council, which set him over it as pastor.

As William Cogswell had been a leading man in getting up the Parish and Church, and in building the Meeting House on his own land, we may naturally suppose that the Council met at his house, which was not far from the Meeting House, on the afternoon of Aug. 11th.

The first Church Record kept by Mr. Wise, was lost. We have therefore no copy of the letter missive sent to the churches for their attendance in Council, and no means of knowing what churches were sent to, except in the case of Wenham Church; whose Record notices the letter to that Church from Chebacco, inviting them to be present by their pastor and delegates, to aid in organizing a Church, and ordaining Mr. Wise as their pastor. This is the only Record extant of the origin of this Church, Aug. 12, 1683. The Wenham Record proceeds to say that the Church voted to comply with the request and chose Capt. Fiske, George Gott, Deacon Fiske, with their pastor Rev. Joseph Gerrish, to attend in the proposed Council.

William Cogswell married Martha, the daughter of Rev. John Emerson of Gloucester; so that he was doubtless present with his delegates. Rev. Messrs. Cobbet, and Hubbard, formerly the

pastor, and teacher of those who were to be gathered into a Church, could not of course be absent. Rev. Edward Payson of Rowly was also a native of Roxbury, a graduate of the same College with Mr. Wise, and nearly of the same age, and was of course invited to be on the Council, with his delegates; Rev. Jeremiah Shepard of Lynn, who had been with this people in their first separation from Ipswich church, and to whom they were ardently attached, as a minister of the gospel, would also receive an invitation to attend the Council. The church in Manchester as a near neighbor, and whose good men had kindly helped our women in raising the meeting house, would not of course be passed by. Their preacher, Rev. Mr. Winborn, was not settled over them as pastor, yet he was doubtless present with the delegates from that church. The church in Roxbury, in which Mr. Wise had been brought up under the ministry of the venerated Elliot, styled the apostle to the Indians, from his benevolent labors among them, we might suppose would be invited to be present with their pastor and delegates, were it not for the great age of Mr. Elliot, then in his 80th year, and the difficulty of travelling so great a distance in that day.

Aside from the Roxbury church, we have six others, who were doubtless here by their pastors

and delegates, making a Council of twenty or more. Their first business, after organizing at the house of Mr. Cogswell, was to examine the documents respecting the proposed organization of the church; such as the request of church members here to be dismissed, for this purpose, from the church in Ipswich, and the vote of Ipswich church to grant this request, with the accompanying letter of dismission and recommendation. These being found regular by the Council, they proceed to examine, and pass judgment upon those relating to the ordination of Mr. Wise; the call of the Parish extended to him, and his answer, his church standing, and letter of dismission and recommendation, that he may be a church member here, together with his licensure to preach, usually given in that day by some church that had examined the candidate. Being satisfied with these papers, the next business of the Council is to examine Mr. Wise, as to his theological attainments and soundness in the faith, and religious experience. This examination takes up the rest of the day; and the Council adjourn to an early hour in the morning. Assembled in the morning, they express by vote their satisfaction with the pastor elect, and proceed to designate the ministers who are to perform the several parts in his ordination, and also those who are to lead in the

services at the organization of the church; they then proceed in procession from Mr. Cogswell's to the meeting house. Great numbers are in attendance from this and the neighboring towns.

The day is warm and every door and window of the house is thrown open; the bell from the turret sends forth its peals with more than usual animation; every eye sparkles, every countenance brightens; the crowd at the door open to the right and left for the Council to pass in; then all enter that can; every seat is filled, every aisle crowded; the many without are not far from the pulpit, and can readily hear through the open doors and windows. The services are all of an interesting character to puritan hearts, and are listened to with devout attention, especially by those who are thus to receive a spiritual watchman and guide. The Council are seated in front of the pulpit, the persons to be organized into a church are on each side of them, the men on the right, the women on the left. Mr. Cobbett the oldest minister on the Council, and of course its moderator, commences the services by prayer; he then calls upon those who are to be formed into a church to rise, that they may in that public and solemn manner give their assent to the confession of faith, and covenant, previously prepared. The confession of faith, is doubtless a brief summary

of that which had just been adopted by all the puritan churches in a general Synod in Boston, and which contains the doctrine of the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; of the native and entire depravity of man; regeneration by the Holy Spirit; justification by faith in the atoning blood of Christ; the perseverance of the saints; the everlasting happiness of the righteous; the eternal misery of the wicked; with other kindred doctrines, involved in them, and growing out of them. The covenant administered to them, is in these words.

You do in the name and fear of God (as in the presence of God, men and Angels,) take God, Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to be your only portion, and chifest good; giving up yourself and yours unto his use, and service, in the sincerity and uprightness of your hearts; you do promise by the assistance of Divine Grace, to walk in His fear, according to the rule of worship and manners towards God and men, all your days, as He shall reveal His mind to you out of His holy word and truth; farther you do by your own choice and act, (highly esteeming the privileges of God's House hold,) yield yourselves, as members of the Church of Christ, before which you now stand. Expecting its faithful watch over you; and you promise subjection to the discipline of Christ in it, both corrective and directive, while God shall continue you members of it; also promising all love and watchfulness over your fellow members, you do resolve to discharge all your duties both to God and men, Christ by His grace assisting you. *

Having given their assent to this covenant, and confession of faith, Mr. Cobbet, in the name of the Council, declares them to be a regular church of Christ, in fellowship with all sister churches.

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* Mr. Pickering, successor to Mr. Wise, says in his Record, that Mr. Wise's son, Rev. Jeremiah Wise of Berwick, Me. handed him this covenant, as the original covenant of this church.

The ordination services immediately follows. Judging from the usuage, which has come down to us from our fathers, we may naturally suppose that these services were performed by the following persons. Introductory prayer, Mr. Winborn; prayer before the sermon, Mr. Shepard; sermon, Mr. Hubbard; Ordaining prayer, Mr. Emerson; charge to the pastor, Mr. Cobbet; Right hand of fellowship, Mr. Payson; concluding prayer, Mr. Gerrish; benediction by the pastor. The services close sufficiently early to allow all to partake of the hospitalities of dinner, and ride to their several homes before sunset. Thus was organized the first church and parish in this place, which took the name of "the second church and parish in Ipswich." Soon after its organization, the church chose John Burnham, and Thomas Low, for Deacons.

Training Day.

The jealousy, and hostility of the Indians made it necessary for our ancestors to be in constant preparation to defend themselves. As early as 1634, it was ordered that every trained soldier, pikeman, and others be equipped for service.

Training was to be eight times in the year; lads from ten to sixteen formed platoons by themselves, armed with small guns, half pikes, or bows and arrows; and boys under ten, who on training days came to look on, were formed into a pla-

toon and drilled by some officer appointed for the purpose by the Captain. This gave to them a courage and hardihood which accounts for some remarkable feats performed by children. One in particular has come down to us from olden time by tradition. The scene is in the edge of the woods where the late Asa Burnham resided; a lad by the name of Burnham, about ten years old, was walking in the woods, and came suddenly upon two cubs. He amused himself with them for a few moments; when to his terror he saw the old bear coming fiercely upon him with a wide yawning mouth. He instantly seized a pine knot, which lay near him, and as she came up, thrust it with all his might down her throat, and then ran for the house; but it was enough, she could not follow him.

When his father came out with his gun, he found her in the struggles of death. The jagged edges of the kot caused it to stick fast, till she was completely choked.

But we will go upon the common, and see the soldiers upon parade. It is the first training day ever witnessed in Chebacco, (1683.) Previous to this all able to bear arms, were obliged to travel to the centre of the town, with all their accoutrements, eight times in a year, for a military muster. But Chebacco has now become the second Parish in Ipswich, with a minister settled among them,

and they must have a military company for their honor, and defence; Lieutenant John Andrews is commander of the company, William Goodhue Ensign, Samuel Ingalls, Corporal, and Thomas Varney, Sergeant. Early in the morning Sergeant Varney, with the drummer and fifer, are seen traversing the place, reminding all by beat of drum to assemble on the ground according to previous notice. "The spirit stirring drum, and the ear piercing fife," raise up the buoyant spirits of the young, who anticipate a large share of pleasure on this day of parade. But the older men, aware of the dangers of war, especially of the insidious, and bloody assults of the Indian, cannot but look grave, though it be training day. The hour of muster is come. They are formed into a line 64 in number. At the end of the line on the left is the platoon of boys from ten to sixteen, and still farther on, those under ten. The roll is called with loud and measured tones, and answered by the no less solemn and significant, "here."

You are particularly struck with the appearance of the officers, as they stand out in front of the line. Lieut. Andrews, in the military style of the day, is dressed in red small clothes, and red stockings, with a profusion of gold lace upon his three cornered hat.

You look upon the long line of men, and see

countenances of steady courage, and manly sense, with bodies of great muscular strength : their dress is not perfectly uniform, yet they have all deerskin small clothes, and blue stockings, with coats of good homespun cloth, spun and woven by their wives, and daughters. The platoon of boys, with wigs encircling their rosy cheeks, and small clothes buckled at their knees, with long stockings, and broad buckles upon their shoes, appear like men in miniature.

As fire arms are scarce, only about two thirds of the company have muskets, the rest have pikes, and the pikemen are by law dressed with head pieces and corselets. Bullets too are scarce, and smooth stones fitted to the bore of the gun, are substituted for them. On the left, beyond the boys, is a group of Indians with their squaws, and papooses, looking on with much curiosity, and earnestness ; they eye the scene with a keen and jealous look ; often curling the lip with contempt at seeing the English boy handling the crossbow, which, however, is suddenly changed to fear when the white men's guns all speak together.

It was, with the blessing of God, the Englishman's gun of which the Indian had not learned the use, nor obtained possession, which saved them from the deadly massacre of the tomahawk. But, see, while we are moralizing the whole com-

pany is in motion; they are marching and counter marching, with a quick step in accordance with the music. All the spectators are in motion following them round, back and forth, with exhilirated feelings, inspired by martial sounds; even the half naked Indian children feel the inspiration, and set their little feet in motion to keep time with the drum. Presently the soldiery are on their way to the North end, closely followed by all the lookers on; they halt in front of the meeting house, and perform various evolutions; they proceed to the house of the pastor and offer the customary tokens of military respect. By the time they reach the common again, it is high noon; they ground their arms, and have a recess for two hours, to visit their homes for dinner. In the afternoon all are together again, each in his place, ready to take arms at the word of command. Most of the aged men, and nearly all the women, old and young, have come out to witness the first training.

Mr. Wise is present, full of patriotic emotions, and appreciating fully the importance of the day, as one of preparation to defend their country, and their firesides from the deadly foe. Wars, and rumors of wars, are all around; this saddens the hearts of fathers and mothers, as they look upon their sons, and think of their liability to be called

to the battle ground. But the regimentals and the music, and the waving banner, and the variety of involutions and evolutions banish all sadness from the hearts of the young, and they think of nothing but the holiday scene before them, and associate with training day only bright ideas and joyous emotions. The afternoon is diligently spent by the trainers in their various military exercises, and laboriously enjoyed by all the spectators; before night they are dismissed and retire.

The constable with his long black staff tipped with brass, is on the alert in accordance with his oath of office, to see that none loiter behind for any evil practice, but that all may find an early home, and an early bed.

The latter part of this century the inhabitants of New England generally experienced much alarm, and suffering, from the bloody assaults of the Indians, who were instigated to these murderous attacks by the Canadian French. It was therefore deemed desirable to carry the war into the French dominions; and an expedition was fitted out for that purpose under the command of Sir William Phips. He sailed in August 1690, with a fleet of thirty two sail, and arrived before Quebec in the following October. But owing to several unpropitious circumstances, the expedition failed, and in November, the troops arrived

in Boston. "The expedition involved the government in a heavy debt; a thousand men perished, and a general gloom spread through the country."

The Indians continued their depredations, and butcheries for several years, exhausting the resources of the Colonists, and depressing their spirits. The inhabitants of this town were often called on to defend their neighbors at the Eastward, and nearer home, during this destructive Indian war.

The town of Amesbury was assaulted, and before the enemy could be met, three persons were killed, and three houses burned. In Rowley, Byfield Parish, Mr. Goodridge, his wife, and two of his daughters were killed; he was shot while praying in his family. Another daughter was taken captive, but redeemed the next year, at the expense of the Province. She lived eighty-two years after, and died in Beverly, 1774, aged eighty nine. Her name was Deborah Duty.*

It is pleasing to reflect that our forefathers made no aggressive wars. They treated the Indians kindly, buying their lands of them at a reasonable, and fair price, and using every effort to civilize and christianize them. It was not till, without provocation, they sought to destroy them with their wives and little ones, that they took

*Hist N. E.

arms in their own defence, and were compelled to use them, till their savage foes were nearly all destroyed, or driven back into the interior of the country.

Independence Declared, 1687.

On the death of Charles II., James II. ascended the throne. Under his reign, Sir Edmund Andros was appointed Governor of all the New England Colonies.

In 1687, he caused a tax to be levied upon the people of this colony of 1d. on £1, which was a violation of their charter rights, and their rights as Englishmen, not to be taxed without their consent in a Legislative Assembly of Parliament.

The minister of this place, feeling that the liberties of the country were in danger, went with two of his parishioners, John Andrews, senior, and William Goodhue, to the centre of the town, to confer with friends there on the subject. A meeting for consultation was held at the house of John Appleton, who lived it is said, not far from where the Railroad Depot now is. At that meeting, after much patriotic discourse flowing from hearts glowing with the flame of liberty, it was determined that it was not the duty of the town to aid in assessing, and collecting this illegal and unconstitutional tax.

In a general town meeting the next day, Aug.

23, which had been called for this purpose, remarks were freely made to this effect by several, and Mr. Wise in particular, made a bold, and impressive speech, in which he urged his townsmen to stand to their privileges, for they had a good God and a good King to protect them.

We have no record of this speech; but with his sentiments and language before us in his printed work on the liberty of the churches, we may well suppose that he spoke in substance as follows:

Mr. Moderator,

The question before us is one of the deepest concern to us all, involving our dearest rights and privileges; it is not a mere question of property, whether we will pay the amount of tax levied upon us by his Majesty's servant, the Governor of this Province, but whether we will surrender the right so dear to every Englishman's heart, and so essential to his civil freedom, that of levying our own taxes, and controlling our own means of subsistence.

This right is inherent in the British Constitution, and is guaranteed to us by our Provincial Charter. It is essential to our civil and religious freedom, to our personal safety and welfare, and to the security, and tranquility of our firesides.

For it is plain that if any portion of our pro-

perty, however small, may be taken from us without our consent, then by the same principle, the whole of it may be taken, and our persons and families be rendered penniless, and houseless, and subjected to the most abject and cruel servitude. Thus reduced to a state of vassalage, we subsist wholly by the clemency of the despot, and may be destroyed at any moment of arbitrary caprice or displeasure. Need I say, Sir, that such an assumption of power would not be tolerated for a day, no, not for a moment, in our father land? Is not the principle that taxation and representation go together, as familiar there as household words? Has it not been argued, and demonstrated in letters of blood, that not the house of Lords, nor the Monarch upon the throne, but the Commoners only, the real agents of the people, can impose taxes? Have we lost this inestimable privilege by being at a greater distance from Parliament than some of our brethren? Are we not Englishmen still, living under the royal government, and entitled to all the privileges and immunities of British subjects? And can we then tamely surrender these rights, by the payment of this illegal and unconstitutional tax, thus admitting a precedent and a principle so destructive of all our liberties?

We go sir, for law, and order, and authority;

but we insist that by the law of nature, which is the law of God, and of right reason, all power and all authority in civil matters, have their origin wholly with the people. In their natural state every man his is own master, and protector; and if he could secure his own welfare, and safety with equal efficiency single handed, it would be folly for him to sacrifice any portion of his natural liberty, in which he is his own king and councilor. But this not being possible, he enters a civil community, the chief end of which is that those thus associated, may be secured against the injuries, to which they are liable from their fellow men. This end is best answered by a government substantially democratic; in which the people have a voice in all that concerns their safety, liberty, and property.

Such a government, it is said, is the British empire; a limited monarchy based upon a noble and efficient democracy; where the concurrence of the Lords, and Commons in making and repealing all statutes or acts of Paliament is necessary; and thereby hath the main advantages of an aristocracy, and of a democracy both, and yet free from the disadvantages of either. Such a monarchy, as by most admirable temperament, affords very much to the industry, liberty and happiness of the subjects, and reserves enough

for the majesty and prerogative of any King, who will own his people as subjects, not as slaves. All this we would fain believe true of the British Constitution; and yet we look back upon the republics of Greece, and see some very desirable principles of liberty, which though they failed under paganism, we are confident may be sustained, and carried out under the conservative influence of Christianity. Of the Athenian Commonwealth, Plato writes, "The original of of our government was taken from the equality of our race. Other states there are, composed of different blood and unequal lines; the consequence of this is tyrannical or Oligarchical sway, under which men live in such a manner, as to esteem themselves partly lords and partly slaves. But we, being all born brethren of the same mother, do not look upon ourselves as standing in so hard a relation, as that of lords and slaves. The purity of our descent inclines us to keep up the purity of our laws, and to yield the precedency only to superior virtue."

It seems manifestthat most civil communities arose at first from the union of families, nearly allied in race and blood. And though ancient story makes frequent mention of Kings, yet it appears that most of them were such as had an influence in persuading rather than a power of commanding.

So Justin describes the kind of government as the most ancient, which Aristotle styles, heroic; which is no ways inconsistent with a democratic state. I am aware, Sir, that it will be said that in such reasoning, and remarks, we are holding forth the languag of sedition, and rebellion against the powers that be. But we disclaim all such intention; we hold ourselves loyal subjects of a government, which is itself regulated by the constitution and laws of the land. And it has been well said, that where the laws of the land are the measure, both of the sovereign's commands, and the people's obedience, the one cannot invade what by concessions and stipulations is granted to the other; nor the other deprive them of their lawful and determined rights. The prince therefore, or magistrate who strives to subvert the fundamental laws of the country, is in reality the traitor, and not the people, who endeavor to defend and preserve their own laws and liberties.

It is most apparent, through the whole ministry of the world, that it is the duty of all public officers to administer according to the plain rules of the public state, and not by their own fancy, or wills. And so in this case, the chief ruling officer is obliged to lead the government according to its plain and settled principles, and not to hesitate or vary to suit his own convenience, or

wishes. It is the saying of those who are skilled in the law, *Rex in regno suo superiores habet, Deum et Legem.* The king has in his realm two superiors, GOD, and the LAW. All the nobles and great ministers of the kingdom must look upon the law as the watchful eye of some dire divinity, restraining them from all deviations and violations. All Englishmen live and die by the law,—the law of their own making.

The English government is a charter party, settled by mutual compact between persons of all degrees in the nation, and no man must start from it but at his peril. Englishmen hate an arbitrary power, politically considered, as they hate the wicked one. Through immemorial ages they have been the owners of very fair enfranchisements, and liberties; and the sense, favor, and high esteem of them, as it were extraduce transmitted with the elemental materials of their essence, from generation to generation, and so ingenate and mixed with their frame, that no artifice, craft, or force, can root it out. *Naturam expellas furca, licet usque recurrit.* *

And though many of their incautelous princes have endeavored to null all their charter rights and immunities, and aggrandize themselves in the serene state of the subjects, by setting up

*You may drive out nature with violence, but she is sure to return.

their own will for the great standard of government over the nation; yet they have all along paid dear for their attempts, both in the injury of the nation, and in interrupting the increase of their own grandeur, and their foreign settlements and conquests. On the first appearance of this monster Tyranny,—upon the holding up of a finger, or upon the least signal given,—on goes the whole nation upon the Hydra. The very name of an arbitrary government, is ready to put an Englishman's blood into a fermentation. But when it actually comes in person, and shakes its whip over their ears, and tells them it is their master; it makes them stark mad; and being of a mimical genius, and inclined to follow the court mode they turn arbitrary too. Some writers who have observed the governments, and humors of nations, thus distinguish the English. The king of Spain is the king of men. The king of France the king of asses; and the king of England the king of devils; for the English can never be bridled and rid by an arbitrary prince.

We trust, sir, that in this province we shall prove true to the blood that flows in our veins; true to our country, and to our God. We may have to suffer by refusing to pay this unconstitutional tax; but we have a good God and a good

king, and shall do well to stand to our privileges at all hazards. We shall suffer more by a servile compliance with so unjust a demand, than we can by a manly refusal. We shall in that case inflict a blow upon our rights and liberties, which may prove mortal. In the alternative of slavery or death, freemen cannot hesitate. If we must fall, let it be by the hand of tyranny, and not by any act of our own. Let us die as martyrs in a glorious cause and not as guilty self-murderers.

I doubt not, Sir, that when the vote is tried, we shall all be of one heart, and one mind, not to surrender our rights. In this way we shall obey God, and honor the king.

As the above is chiefly in Mr. Wise's own words the reader may consider it as a specimen of his mode of reasoning, and style of writing on the great subject of civil and religious freedom. He was then 36 years of age, combining the fire of youth with the firmness and wisdom of manhood.

A report of Mr. Wise's doings, and of the action of the town was made to the Governor, and the consequence was that he, and five others, John Andrews, Wm. Goodhue, Robert Kinsman, John Appleton, and Thomas French, were arrested and committed to jail in Boston, being denied the privilege of giving bonds for their appear-

ance in court. They were all found guilty of contempt and high misdemeanor, and kept in prison 21 days longer, before sentence was passed. But we will let Mr. Wise tell the story in his own words. "We, John Wise, John Andrews, sen., Robert Kinsman, Wm. Goodhue, jr., all of Ipswich, about 22nd of August, 1687, were, with several principal inhabitants of Ipswich, met at Mr. John Appleton's and there discoursed and concluded, that it was not the town's duty any way to assist that ill method of raising money without a General Assembly, which was generally intended by above said Sir Edmund, and his Council, as witness a late act issued out by them for such a purpose.

The next day in a general town meeting of the inhabitants of Ipswich, we the above named J. Wise, J. Andrews, R. Kinsman, W. Goodhue with the rest of the town, there met, (none contradicting) and gave our assent to the vote then made.

The ground of our trouble, our crime, was the copy transmitted to the Council, viz: "At a legal town-meeting, Aug. 23, assembled by virtue of an order from John Usher, Esq., for choosing a commissioner to join with the Selectmen to assess the inhabitants according to an act of His Excellency

the Governor, and Council, for laying of rates. The town then considering that this act doth infringe their liberty, as free English subjects of His Majesty, by interfering with the Statute Laws of the land, by which it was enacted, that no taxes should be levied upon the subjects without the consent of an Assembly, chosen by the freeholders for assessing of the same, they do therefore vote that they are not willing to chose a commissioner for such an end, without said privilege, and, moreover, consent not, that the Selectmen do proceed to lay any such rate, until it be appointed by a General Assembly, concurring with Governor and Council."

We, the complainants, with Mr. John Appleton and Thomas French, all of Ipswich, were brought to answer for the said vote out of our own county thirty or forty miles into Suffolk and in Boston, kept in jail for contempt and high misdemeanor, as our mittimus specifies, and upon demand, denied the privilege of *habeas corpus*, and from prison overruled to answer at a Court of Oyer and Terminer in Boston, Our Judges were Joseph Dudley of Roxbury, Stoughton of Dorchester, John Usher of Boston, and Edward Randolph. He that officiates as Clerk and Attorney in the case, is George Farwell. The Jurors only twelve, and most of them (as is said) non-freeholders of any

land in the colony, some of them strangers and foreigners, gathered up (as we suppose) to serve the present turn. In our defence was pleaded the repeal of the Law of assessment upon the place ; also the Magna Charta of England, and the Statute Laws, that secure the subject's properties and estates, &c. To which was replied by one of the judges, the rest by silence assenting, that we must not think the Laws of England follow us to the ends of the earth, or whither we went.

And the same person (J. Wise abovesaid testifies) declared in open council, upon examination of said Wise, "Mr. Wise, you have no more privileges left you, than not to be sold as slaves," and no man in Council contradicted. By such Laws our trial and trouble began and ended. Mr. Dudley, aforesaid Chief Judge, to close up a debate and trial, trims up a speech that pleased himself (as we suppose) more than the people. Among many other remarkable passages to this purpose, he bespeaks the jury's obedience, who (we suppose) were very well preinclined, viz : 'I am glad,' says he, there be so many worthy gentlemen of the jury so capable to do the king's service, and we expect a good verdict from you, seeing the matter hath been so sufficiently proved against the criminals.

"NOTE. The evidence in the case, as to the substance of it, was, that we too boldly endeavored to persuade ourselves we were Englishmen and under privileges, and that we were, all six of us aforesaid, at the town-meeting of Ipswich aforesaid, and, as the witness supposed, we assented to the aforesaid vote, and, also, that John Wise made a speech at the same time, and said that we had a good God and a good King, and should do well to stand to our privileges.

The jury return us all six guilty, being all involved in the same information. We were remanded from verdict to prison, and there kept one and twenty days for judgment. There, with Mr. Dudley's approbation, as Judge Stoughton said, this sentence was passed, viz: John Wise suspended from the ministerial function, fine £50, pay cost, £1,000 bond; John Appleton, not to bear office, fine £50, pay cost, £1,000 bond; John Andrews, not to bear office, fine £30, pay cost, £500 bond; Robert Kinsman, not to bear office, fine £20, pay cost, £500 bond; Wm. Goodhue the same; Thomas French not to bear office, fine £15, pay cost, £500 bond. These bonds were for good behavior one year. We judge the total charges for one case and trial under one single information, involving us six men, above said, in expense of time and moneys of us and our relations for our necessary succor and support, to amount to more, but no

less, than £400, money. Too tedious to illustrate more at this time, and so we conclude." * The town afterwards made up the loss which these persons had sustained.

After the expulsion of James from England and the introduction of William and Mary to the throne, Andros was put down by the people of Boston, and sent over to England.

Before a new Governor arrived, Mr. Wise and Nehemiah Jewett were chosen by Ipswich to meet in Boston with the representatives of the other towns to consult with the Council about the public affairs of the Colony.

Some time after Mr. Wise brought an action against Chief Justice Dudley for denying him the privileges of the *habeas corpus* act, and recovered damages.

Witchcraft.

1692, June 30th, Elizabeth How of West Ipswich, was tried at Salem for witchcraft, and condemned. She was executed July 19th, on Gallows Hill in that town. John Proctor, who, with his family, had removed from this place to Salem Village, (N. Danvers) was tried for the same crime, condemned and executed. A petition for his reprieve was sent from this town,

* The Revolution in New England, justified, as quoted by Felt,

signed by thirty two of his former neighbors, testifying to the excellence of his character; but it availed nothing. His wife Elizabeth, was first accused; and it was while he was attending her in court, that her accusers cried out against him. She was found guilty and condemned; but owing to her situation, her execution was deferred, and she thus escaped an ignominious death.

These facts lead us to a contemplation of one of the most remarkable delusions found on the page of history.

It commenced in the family of Mr. Paris, pastor of the church in North Danvers, and from that Village extended, more or less, to some other towns.

A daughter and a niece of Mr. P. one 9, the other 11 years of age, had been for some time under the care of the physician of the place. Not succeeding in curing them, he said, either carelessly or seriously, that they were under an evil hand, meaning that they were bewitched. An Indian servant and his wife, in the family, on hearing this, sought by their incantations to find out the witch, that was troubling the children. The children claiming for themselves the honor of the discovery, accused the Indian woman of afflicting them. Soon other children in the neighborhood complained of being bewitched, and accused

individuals of afflicting and tormenting them. They would see them in the room with them, when others present could not. Whenever the accused were brought into their presence they would swoon away, or fall into fits; and when the accused were required to touch them, their touch immediately restored them.

This was sufficient evidence to the bystanders that they were under an evil influence, and that the accused did exercise this power over them, and were therefore worthy of death. How could they think otherwise, when they saw with their own eyes, that their very presence caused the afflicted ones to swoon away, and that their touch immediately restored them? Reader, have you not seen or heard something similar to this in your day? And when you have seen the operator by a mysterious influence, produce wonderful changes in the person operated upon, have you not been ready to think, that it was something almost, if not quite supernatural? If so, then you have reasoned somewhat as did your ancestors in 1692. And reasoning as they did if you had lived in that day, and been a judge or juror, would you not have passed sentence of condemnation upon the accused? The only difference is, no one at this day pretends to any mysterious influence over others to their injury. If he did,

and the jury should be satisfied that he not only possessed, but exercised this injurious power upon others, would they not subject him to punishment?

But would intelligent jurors now be satisfied that because an individual looked upon another, and he immediately went to sleep, and slept till he awaked him by his touch, or volition, therefore, he had him in his power, and was the cause of all the distress which he might happen to experience in his sleep? They might say it was a mystery, and beyond their comprehension. But they surely would not say, that what they could not understand furnished evidence of the guilt of another. They might say, reasoning from natural science, and well authenticated facts, that the unnatural state of swooning, and a sort of waking-sleep, apparently caused by another, was caused by the powerful working of the subjects own imagination, and so also of his coming out of this state. He (the subject) believed the operator could do all this, and the very expectation, or imagination, that he was doing it, produced the expected effect.

It is a well authenticated fact, that a surgeon, before operating upon a patient, was about to administer ether, but concluded he would first see what effect her expectation, and imagination

would produce upon her system. He held the sponge without any ether to her nostrils, and, strange to tell, she was put to sleep by it, and thrown into the usual state of nervous exaltation, and experienced almost the same sensations, as are produced by ether.

Now it may properly be said, that what the surgeon did was the *occasion* of her going to sleep, but not the *cause*. The cause, was in herself; in the powerful working of her own imagination. Reader, be cautious of deciding on what you do not understand. Suspend judgment respecting all such seeming mysteries, and wait for farther light.

This same year, 1692, a series of mysterious events occurred at Gloucester, which called for the active service of a company of soldiers from this town. The people there saw armed Frenchmen, and Indians, about their houses, and in their fields. They shot at them, and saw them fall; but on coming up to them, they rose and ran off. These foreign foes frequently shot at the town's people, who heard the bullets whiz by their ears; none of the balls however took effect. One man heard a gun go off, and the bullet whiz by him. He saw that it had cut off a pine bush just by him, and lodged in a hemlock tree just beyond him. Turning round he saw four men running

towards him with guns on their shoulders. Can there be any doubt that these were real occurrences, when several witnesses testify that they saw where the bullet had cut off the bush and lodged in the hemlock?

They actually cut the bullet out and shewed it to their friends. * You will say, perhaps, that the bush might have been cut off before, and the bullet long before lodged in the hemlock. But whatever you may say, the people of Gloucester were so fully persuaded that they were haunted by these mysterious enemies, that the alarm continued for three weeks. Two regiments were raised, and a detatchment of 60 men from Ipswich, under the command of Major Appleton was sent to their relief. And relief speedily came; for as soon as these troops were on the ground, and the inhabitants felt safe, all the French and Indians left the town.

Education. The First School.

Our forefathers, it is well known to all acquainted with their history, were intelligent, and well educated men. They knew therefore how to appreciate the importance of a good education for their children. But while in a wilderness, few and far between, and with scanty means of

* Newhall's Memorial.

living, they could not build school-houses, and hire teachers, and if they could have done it, the dangers from wild beasts would have rendered it hazardous for their children to go, and come from school. As late as 1723, wolves were so abundant and so near the meeting house that parents would not suffer their children to go and come from worship, without some grown person. The education of their children, however, was not neglected. They were taught at home to read, write, and cipher, and were instructed in the great principles of religion, and the principal laws of their country.

And when in 1642, it was found that some parents were not faithful in these and other duties to their children, the Selectmen of the town were directed, "To see that children neglected by their parents are learned to read, and understand the principles of religion, and the capital laws of this country, and are engaged in some proper employment."

The same year the Town voted that there should be a free school. Cambridge College was established in 1639. A few years after this, aid was solicited from all the families to support charity scholars at this institution, that educated men might be raised up for rulers, physicians, and ministers.

The representatives from the towns, and ministers in their several parishes, were desired by the General court to use their influence, that each family give to the College at least one peck of corn, or a shilling in money.

1651, a Latin school was begun in this town to prepare youth for entering College: And in about a half of a century, 38 young men from Ipswich were graduated at Cambridge. Eleven of them became ministers of the gospel, three of them physicians, and the rest served in civil, or Judicial capacities.

Toward the latter part of this century, the inhabitants of this part of Ipswich began to think of establishing a free school among themselves. But such a thing could not be done without consultation, and general consent.

A general meeting must therefore be held in the meeting house, of all the voters in the parish to advise respecting it.

The minister of the parish is present and a goodly number of the parishioners. Mr. Wise is, of course, expected to address them on this subject, and we may suppose that in substance he spake as follows:

Brethren, and Friends

We are met this afternoon to advise on a subject, which I trust we all feel to be of

vast importance to our children, to our country, and to the church of God.

What are children, what are men and women, without education? Just like the savages that we see around us. Of this we have been more or less convinced, and have long struggled under many difficulties, to give our children what schooling we could at home. But you know full well the temptation to grow remiss in this duty under the pressure of very may domestic labors in the house and in the field. Besides your children, you well know, cannot make much progress in learning their lessons, amidst the many interruptions of home. I see before me a few, a very few of our aged friends, who had their education in England. They will bear me witness, that with all their care, and toil in teaching their children, they have not been able to do for them, what their fathers in England did for them. And is it not equally true that *their* sons, and *their* daughters have not done as much for their children, as was done for them. And will not this downward progress inevitably continue, if we keep on in this way. The less schooling our children have, the less will they appreciate learning, and, of course, the less will they be likely to bestow upon their children. I know it is the opinion of some that you had better continue in, what they call the

good old way. That if you set up a school here, you will have to build a school house, and pay the salary of a school master, which will make your taxes a heavy burden; that you have already taxes to pay, and some of you an annual rent for your farms to support the Latin school in the body of the town; that your children some of them, will have a long way to travel to school, and that yourselves, or your older sons will have to accompany them to keep off the wild beasts. But are these difficulties of any importance, compared with the proper education of your children.

You have some of you the same difficulties to encounter in coming here to worship God on the Sabbath, and on lecture day. But still you come, and those of you that are farthest off, are usually first at meeting. Where there is an object of sufficient importance, difficulties vanish. Rest assured if you keep on in the old way, things will go from bad to worse. Already the number among us that neglect the instruction of their children has begun alarmingly to increase.

There is no prospect, in my judgmnt, of effecting any reformation, and securing the proper instruction of your children, but to have a school under the charge of a faithful master. Even if all parents were faithful in teaching their children at home, still their education would not

be so complete, as if assembled together in school, and passing the whole day in school exercises. The presence of one, animates another, and the striving of some to excel in well doing, stimulates others to the like effort; so that a collection of children, well managed in a school, will I venture to say, make double the progress they would separately in their houses, with the best care and attention.

I must, therefore, very earnestly exhort you to go forward in this good work, and spare no pains, nor expense, in giving your children a good education. You, and your fathers before you, have done what you could to establish a grammar school, and a college, that you may have well educated ministers, and rulers. But of what use is it to have intelligent rulers, if the mass of the people are uneducated? Ignorance is no friend to virtue, or to liberty. It is no friend to religion. The most inattentive hearers of the word, are usually those of the least education. If you would secure virtue, piety, liberty, and prosperity to your descendants, you must liberally patronise the cause of education."

In this earnest manner, and with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, "save your children from ignorance, infidelity and vice."

Others present, expressed their minds on the subject: a few doubtingly, and discouragingly; but the most part with resolution and zeal, in favor of an onward course. The result was, the choice of a committee to hire a teacher, and provide suitable accommodations for a school.

This committee made choice of Nathaniel Rust, Jr., who opened his school in June, 1695, and taught through the summer with such acceptance, that the next summer they invited him to settle with them, as their school teacher. This invitation he accepted, and taught here several years. The town gave six acres of pasture for the benefit of the school, and one quarter of an acre to Mr. Rust, to set his house on. The house which he then built, is the same, as to most of the timbers, with that now owned by Wm. H. Mears. It was remodelled and enlarged about 60 years since. The school pasture was on the north and west, of Mr. Mear's land, and became merged in the old parsonage pasture. The school was probably taught in a room in Mr. Rust's house, as no school house was built till the beginning of the next century.

1694. Nov. 5. Died, Deacon John Burnham, the ancestor of the Burnhams in this place, and one of the first deacons of the church here.

Previous to his death, the same year, a com-

mittee, empowered by the town to settle disputes as to the boundaries of lands, met in this place. A report was spread, that Deacon Burnham had encroached on the commoner's land. But the committee, so far from finding this to be true, found that the bounds had never been determined, on that side of Deacon Burnham's farm; which was the south-west side, near to the present house of Elias Andrews, sen. They, therefore, after due consideration, and consultation with the neighbors, and with Deacon Burnham's son John, to whom he referred the whole matter, determined, and settled the boundaries as in the following document.

John Burnham's Deed to be entered into Record, August 13, 1694.

We the Committee Impowered to look after Incroachments, and to Settle the bounds where they prove not Settled, being informed that Deacon John Burnham, senr., had Incroached of the Town's Common Land, on the Southwesterly thereof; between his Land and the New Pasture Land, so called. We having been upon the place formerly, and examined the matter; and finding the bounds uncertainly Settled, Discoursed with the said Deacon Burnham, he having committed all into the hands of his son, John Burnham, Consenting to what agreement should be made between him and us; he the said John Burnham paying the charge of the Committee.

We have thus settled his Bounds, beginning at the head of the Creek, called Clark's creek, near Joseph Andrews,' his house, and run by the Instrument on the Course of 58 degrees eastwardly from the South, by the Circumferentor without variation, and marked by a white oke tree within the fence near the said Creek, and so, on that Course, Cross the field, to a small pine tree, on the brow of a hill within the Inclosed Land; then further to a white oke tree on the hill without the fence; then a Small Walnut tree, then further on the same Course to a hollow oke Just by the Rode that Leads to Gloster, then further to a white oak tree within two

rods of Gloster Line, and further to Gloster Line to a white oke, being a bound tree, marked with the marking Iron. All which said trees are marked for his bounds, he bordering all the way upon the New Pasture Land, from the said Creek onwards, about one hundred and twenty-five Rods to a white oke tree, marked for the corner of said Pasture Land, now belonging to Mr. John Cogswell, and the other two rods onward, bordering upon the land reserved by Ipswich men, Lying between the land of the New Pasture and Gloster Line, which said Bounds, as by the marked trees, we settle for his Bounds, and by Consent of the parties concerned, viz. Mr. John Cogswell for himself, and we in behalf of, and with the power of the inhabitants of Ipswich. To have and to hold the said Bounds, for his Bounds.

Roads and Bridges.

As at the beginning, there was first a ferry for crossing the river near the present dwelling of Adam Boyd, which continued till 1666, and was then superceded by a horse bridge, so toward the close of this century, there was first a ferry for crossing where the mills now are, and then in 1700, a bridge was built. There was, doubtless, when the ferry was in operation, some kind of a road over the marsh to Thompson's Island. But when the bridge was built, or soon after, the old causeway was probably built. The ferriage at the lower ferry, was 2 d. a passenger; at the upper the same for a person, and 4 d. for a horse.

The road from Col. Choate's lane to the present bridge, was no doubt opened at an early period, and that gradually, as the convenience of settlers required. This road to the river must

have been opened as early as 1668, when the shipyard was laid out. In 1697, a road is ordered through John Cogswell, senior's, farm, (the school farm.) This is doubtless the present road from Thompson's Island to the lower causeway.

1699. A road is to be made from Gloucester line to John Cogswell's upland. This was to meet the preceding road. 1700.—A bridge is to be built over Burnham's Creek, the same that was called Clark's Creek, to connect the two roads above mentioned.

On the last month of this century, December, 1700, William Cogswell, son of John Cogswell died Æ 81. He had been a very active, and highly useful citizen in this place, and his death was much lamented. His age, at his decease, serves to correct a mistake in Felt's History, and in the address at the opening of our new cemetery, in respect to the age of his father. If the son was 81 in 1700, then the father must have been about 72 in 1669, as a very few figures will show.

We have now reviewed the principal events and transactions relating to our ancestors in this place, from their settlement here, to the close of the 17th century. We have seen something of their trials, and sufferings, their energy and enterprise, their mode of living, and daily pur-

suits; their regard for the Bible and the Sabbath; their love for the worship of God; their obedience to his commands; and their regard for the best welfare of all among them.

If, in glancing at their civil regulations, we have been disposed to smile at some of them, as too particular, and interfering too much with the personal concerns, tastes and habits of private life, we must remember that they are not to be judged of, in these respects, by our modern views of civil, or national affairs. In the infancy of their settlements, they resembled more one large family, with several branches on the same plantation, than a state or a nation. And in their family state, their laws and regulations would, of course, resemble those, which are adopted in every well regulated family, rather than those, which are enacted by the government of a nation. Judged in this light, we see the wisdom as well as the benevolence, and watchful care, which marked all their social, civil, and ecclesiastical regulations. One thing is certain that whatever fault we may find, as to the shape, and appearance of the tree, which they planted, or their manner of setting it in the ground, it has proved a healthy, long-lived tree, and borne the best of fruit. And is not the tree to be judged by its fruit? Shall we then be wise in cutting

down this tree, and planting one of an opposite nature? Shall we not do well to cherish the same principles of piety and virtue, which our fathers so warmly cherished, and follow in the same steps of sobriety, holiness and truth, in which they walked, if we would like them, hand down the blessings of a well regulated community to children's children.

Happy is that people, that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.

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